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THE
CRIMINAL CLASSES

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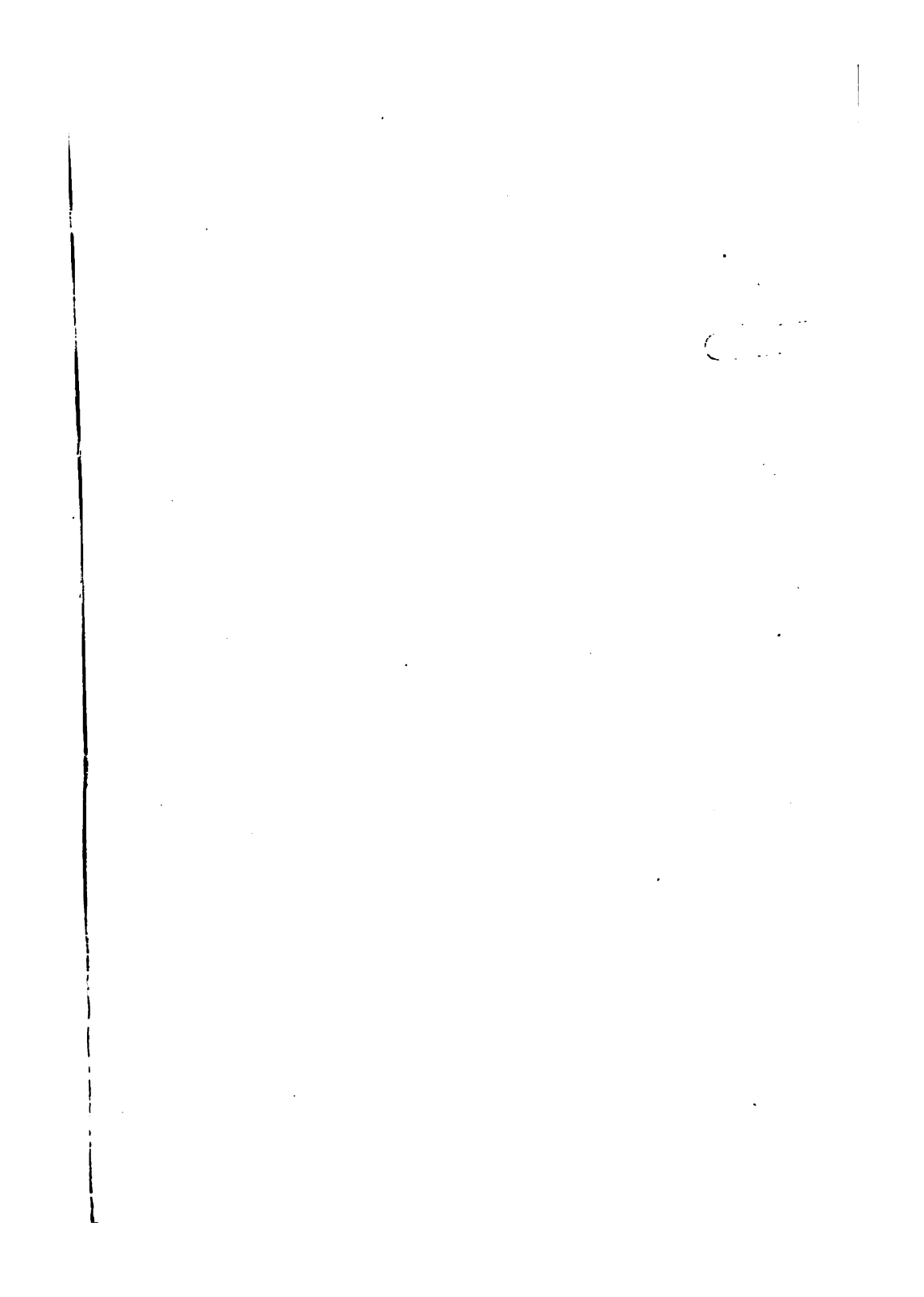
BEQUEST OF

WILLIAM McMICHAEL WOODWORTH

(Class of 1888)

**KEEPER OF THE MUSEUM OF COMPARATIVE
ZOOLOGY, 1899-1904.**







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D. R. Miller.

c

The Criminal Classes *Causes and Cures*

BY
D. R. MILLER, D.D.

With an Introduction by
HON. CHARLES FOSTER
Ex-Governor of Ohio, and Secretary of the Treasury in the
Cabinet of President Benjamin Harrison



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PREFACE.

OVER a score of years have recorded themselves in Time's book since the author of this volume first became identified officially with the criminally delinquent classes. Since then, by observation, association, and diligent research, he has carefully studied the various types of criminal life.

Inside opportunities have enabled him to gather many facts and note many incidents which furnish material for interesting and instructive narratives, and form opinions regarding the origin and nature of, and remedies for the several classes of crime, obtainable in no other way.

With the material gathered and the information obtained, I have consented to put them in book form, in response to many requests and encouragements from those having knowledge of the same, among which is the following prompting from Prof. W. O. Krohn, of the University of Illinois:

MY DEAR FRIEND: It makes me very happy to know that you are going to work over into book form the immense amount of material that you have acquired on the criminal classes. . . . Do not give up the work because of the arduous nature of the task before you. You owe it to the sociological world to give it the benefit of your immense fund of material and experience. I shall look forward to the book with great pleasure.

In the preparation of this work, it has been the design of the author, and the expressed purpose of the publisher, to make a popular book—a book in language, style, and compass within the grasp of the common reader. The aim has also been to present a book full of interest and informa-

Preface

tion for the more careful student of sociology, psychology, and criminology. In a book, however, of the size presented, it must not be expected that exhaustive treatises be given on any or all of the several types of criminal life, or upon the causes and cures thereof. Much important matter, therefore, for the complete study of the subject must be omitted here.

The subject of crime, like every other subject affecting the race, should have the careful consideration of all interested in the well-being of man. The several forces leading to crime should be known, and the several types of delinquency well understood. In the preparation of this work, therefore, care has been exercised in illustrating and defining those several types, and suggesting corrective agencies, thus enabling those interested to intelligently apply the needful correctives for the recovery of the fallen, and furnish the needful protection to those criminally inclined. To this end, a series of brief sketches and some photographic illustrations of noted criminals are introduced; also, some incidents and narratives gathered from those in penal service. In the introduction, however, of these narratives, sketches, and illustrations, special care has been exercised to avoid sensational details of the crimes alleged, because it is the opinion of the author that all such details serve as factors to turn into channels of like crime those who may read them.

For valuable information used in the preparation of this work, the author is especially indebted to the following: Dr. C. E. Wine's book, "State of Prisons and Child-Saving Institutions," Triplet's "Great American Criminals," Dr. Christison's "Crimes and Criminals." Also, to Prof. W. O. Krohn, of Chicago, Illinois, for valuable suggestions, and for the entire chapter on "Double Personality."

THE AUTHOR.

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INTRODUCTION.

A LAW demanding only a refrain from violence or abstinence from all that may injure others contains but the negative, while it is lacking in the more important, the positive elements.

If men, by closing their eyes to the existence of evil, could thereby banish it, then might it be best for all to close their eyes. Political economists, however, look for the perfect Utopia through other than negative forces. The world's population is now said to be about 1,600,000,000, of whom nearly one-half are reckoned as civilized. Of this portion, there are, because of crime, annually incarcerated in the penitentiaries of the world an average of over 1,000,000.

Whatever the stimulus to moral obliquity may be, it is quite certain that we can never hope to discover, through ignorance, what are the various types of criminal abnormality, nor know the many causes or cures for such estrangements. No; these are discoverable only through diligent study, earnest investigation, and careful analysis. An intelligent and thorough study of the criminal problem will eliminate from our creed that fatalistic formula which asserts that "Evil is good not understood," and find a more scientific and satisfactory solution.

The proper study of criminology enters into, and is, indeed, quite a part of the sociology of the present, which takes its place among the several essential studies preparatory to effective American citizenship. Criminology, when properly studied, becomes both interesting and instructive.

From the several brain tissues in many criminals evolve thoughts interchangeable in sentiments from the most elevating and grand to the most base and degrading. Here are manifest legitimate ambitions with fiendish dictations of avarice. Here the sympathizing friend with the scheming murderer, and here the angel with the demon, all struggling for the preëminence. Here emanate dreams of art, visions of science, flights of poetry, and hopes of victories.

With statesmen, philanthropists, and Christians, the question is not so much how criminals may be detected, arrested, and detained, as how the good within them may be aided in overcoming the evil. To furnish information which may aid in the better solution of this question is, in part, the mission of this volume, which consists of more than cold theories.

The opportunities of the author for the practical study of the several types of moral delinquency, their probable causes and possible cures, his clear comprehension of, and his ability to present the facts, make this a book of special value.

I have well and favorably known the author for about a quarter of a century. On my motion or recommendation, when Governor of Ohio, because of my personal and favorable knowledge of the man, he was elected chaplain of the Ohio Penitentiary; and subsequently, reinforced in my favorable impressions by his success as chaplain, at my request, was chosen superintendent of the Girls' Industrial Home of Ohio.

During his official connection with these institutions of the State of Ohio, he more than successfully met all the requirements of his position. Since then he has given the subject of crime and methods of reform much thought. I therefore most earnestly commend his book to the general public, and especially to students of the subjects herein treated.

Of some of the incidents herein narrated I have personal knowledge, and recognize several of the characters sketched and persons illustrated, and believe them to be truly represented.

One of the commendable features of this volume is the manifest care with which the author has avoided sensational details of the crimes alleged to have been committed by the several persons to whom reference is made, which is an exception to the general rule in such cases, a wise exception, however, because such details often become agencies in turning those who read them into channels of crime and prompting to criminal deeds.

As matters of general interest and of special importance, particular attention is called to the statistics given in chapter one, and to the costs of crime and of criminal immigration mentioned in chapter two. Also, to the causes of crime enumerated in chapters forty-six to fifty-three, and the several agencies for the preventing of crime and the reformation of criminals as presented in chapters fifty-four to fifty-nine.

Economists should certainly carefully study the problems of cost suggested in this work. Statesmen should give heed to the note of warning on the matter of criminal immigration. Reformers will do well to study diligently the methods and means suggested here for the prevention and cure of crime. The friends of education will do well to study thoroughly the several facts carefully gathered and forcibly stated in chapters fifty and fifty-six.

The book will certainly be interesting, instructive, and helpful to professional men, statesmen, philanthropists, students of sociology, keepers of prisons, reformers, and all others interested in lifting up the fallen. The subject and merit of this book should make it, indeed, a widely-read volume.

CHARLES FOSTER.

Fostoria, Ohio, June 13, 1903.

THE CRIMINAL CLASSES; CAUSES AND CURES.

I.

CRIMINAL POPULATION OF THE CIVILIZED WORLD.

Criminal Problem—Criminal Statistics—Delinquent Children—Sentence, Varieties of—Repeaters.

THAT a portion of the race are civil, industrious, and enterprising, proving themselves benefactors indeed, is a truth full of comfort and hope; but that others are indolent, wayward, and criminal, proving themselves both expensive and dangerous to society, is a truth equally but fearfully true. How and why it is that some persons so easily yield to evil influences and are borne down under sin's dominion to swift shame and ruin, while others, by better influences and impulses, are turned into safe retreats or borne on smooth waters which waft them toward the haven of blessedness, are questions—aye, important questions—well deserving the most careful attention of scientists, statesmen, and theologians.

My purpose now is not to direct attention to those in the hopeful walks of life, but to turn the eyes and hearts of such toward those whose feet already press that dark and dangerous way, those over whom the mists and clouds of shame, of sin and death, are gathering thick and fast. I would have the reader follow me into what some call the

lower strata of society. I would have him see who are there, and, if possible, find out why they are there. Aye, more; I would enlist all aid to lift the fallen,—

“To guide and lead to better ways,
To nobler purpose, higher aims.”

To enable those interested to more fully comprehend the situation, I invite attention to some statistical facts which have been gathered with great care. The figures in a few cases are based upon comparative estimates, according to condition and population, with other districts and countries from which we have reliable accounts, furnished by the best authorities on

STATISTICS.

The present population of the world is estimated at about 1,600,000,000, of whom it is safe to say about 700,000,000 are within civilized countries. Of these 700,000,000 within the civilized portions of the world, there are in the prisons, under penal sentence, an annual average of about 1,000,000, which, according to the latest authorities and average estimates, are to be found in the several countries, about as follows: France, 190,000; Spain, 65,000; Russia, 165,000; Japan, 65,000; Greece, Denmark, and Sweden, 25,000; Italy, 28,000; Hungary, 30,000; German Empire, 120,000; Great Britain (United Kingdom), 120,000; British India, 80,000; Ontario, 22,000; Mexico and Central America, 32,000; United States, 58,000.

The above includes only those in the penal institutions, or the penitentiaries. Are these all? No, indeed, not all. Add thereto that legion at large who daily startle communities by awful deeds of robbery, rape, and murder. Best authorities say that only about one-fifth of the criminals are ever detected and punished. Accepting this as

true, the criminal population within the civilized portions of the world will number about 5,000,000.

In addition might be enumerated delinquent children in the reformatories, who, in the United States, number over 30,000, also the many committed to the jails and minor prisons. Delinquent children are to be found in all countries, who, but for the hand of charity and the guardianship of the state, naturally drift into criminal life. Many are the offspring of dissolute parents, some are illegitimate, and others have no knowledge of their parents. Most of them might appropriately adopt the touching lines of Philo H. Child:

"Alone in the dreary, pitiless street,
With my torn old clothes and bare, cold feet,
All day I've wandered to and fro,
Hungry and shivering and nowhere to go;
The night's coming on in darkness and dread,
And the chill sleet beating upon my bare head.
Oh, why does the wind blow upon me so wild?
Is it because I am nobody's child?"

For the past quarter of a century, the criminal population under penal service within the United States has fluctuated considerably. In times of business prosperity, as a rule, the average has been less than in times of adversity.

Without giving actual figures, it may be said, generally, that the largest ratio of prisoners to population is found among the colored inhabitants. The ratio for the foreign-born is nearly double that for the native population; but the number of women in prisons, in proportion to their total number, is less than one-tenth that of the stronger sex.

The average age of prisoners is a little more than twenty-nine years and a half. More than one-fourth of them are under twenty-three years of age; more than one-third of them are under twenty-five; and more than one-half of

them are under twenty-eight. Their youth is a very striking fact, which ought to be regarded as an incentive and an inspiration to more earnest efforts for their reformation.

In one census, taken when there were about 53,000 in the State prisons, it was reported that about three-fifths of them had been convicted of crimes against property, one-fifth of crimes against the person, and one-fifth of miscellaneous offenses, principally drunkenness, disorderly conduct, and vagrancy.

From a bulletin issued but a few months ago by the Census Office, at Washington, D. C., is clipped the following pertaining to sentences imposed by the courts upon prisoners in our penal institutions: "Of 45,180, 2,486 were serving sentences of less than one year, 39,757 had been sentenced to imprisonment for a definite term of years, 2,688 for life, 12 during their minority, and 62 were under sentence of death awaiting their execution. A tendency to greater severity of sentence is apparent in the South and West. The average sentence of a native white convict of native parents is 5 years and 208 days; of a foreign-born convict, 5 years and 193 days; and of a colored convict, 6 years and 183 days. The average sentence of a male convict is 5 years and 285 days, and of a female convict, 4 years and 215 days."

II.

ECONOMIC SIDE.

**Cost of Crime—Courts Having Criminal Jurisdiction—Keeping
Convicted Criminals—The Criminal at Large—Criminal Immi-
gration.**

IN the study of criminology, there is an economical side, which, with many other questions pertaining to criminals, should be more generally and thoroughly considered and understood. I refer to

THE COST OF CRIME.

I know of no method by which to fully solve this problem of cost. It has in it too many obscure elements to be solved with accuracy. Yet we should strive for a solution to the extent that we obtain at least a partial estimate of the cost of criminals within our own country. To aid in this, I submit that, according to our official census, the annual cost to the United States for a preventive, or police force, is over \$15,000,000. At present the estimate is \$20,000,000. This does not include the cost of private detectives. There are in the United States at present over two thousand courts having criminal jurisdiction, and over eighty thousand justices of the peace. These, together with clerks, sheriffs, jurors, attorneys, and witnesses, necessarily require large sums, chargeable to criminal dockets. Not estimating the cost of private police detective forces, nor personal loss of property and life, nor other elements, there is expended annually in the United States, for preventing, prosecuting, and keeping criminals,

over \$60,000,000. At this rate, the criminal classes cost the civilized world, annually, over \$1,500,000,000. In the study of the economical side, we must not overlook the fact that there are

CRIMINALS AT LARGE.

Crime has been defined as "a war against the security of property, the rights of individuals, and the order of society. It is carried on by a vast army, more or less perfectly organized, of which convicted felons incarcerated in the penitentiary form but a small part. They are, so to speak, prisoners of war; but the army continues to carry on its operations in the field, in spite of its losses by capture. This army has its officers, as well as its enlisted men; and it is safe to assume that those in command, and who reap the largest pecuniary benefit from crime, do not themselves assume any personal risk which they can induce those under them to incur in their stead. They are what has been called crime capitalists, who invest their money in criminal enterprises, purchase the proceeds of theft, furnish board and lodging to criminals out of employment, advance money to the principals in promising schemes for making a fortune by fraud, hire lawyers and witnesses to defend the more important members of the gang, and, in rare instances, pay men to go to prison as substitutes for those actually guilty of the offense charged. The number of those who live off of crime, if not by crime, is much greater than the uninitiated would likely suppose. The cost of crime to the community is not measured by the actual outlay for arrests, convictions, and the maintenance of prisons. The importance of the crime question arises not so much from the number in prison, as from the number who are not in prison, but who ought to be."

In the presence of criminal statistics, American patriots and philanthropists confront the statistician with the questions: Whence this army of expensive and dangerous persons? and why? There is hope in the unrelenting pressure of these questions. The more earnestly and intelligently these questions are discussed, the more successfully will the means necessary to stay the evil be applied.

Before discussing the question of cause, I think it highly important to call attention to

CRIMINAL IMMIGRATION.

For many years the United States has had a large influx of helpless aliens and criminals. Statistical records of our benevolent and penal institutions show proportionately many more aliens than natives. When our total population was 50,155,783, 43,475,840 were native born and 6,679,493 were of foreign birth. Of 110,538 convicts in prisons of the United States, 57,824 were foreigners, or almost five per cent. over one-half. With these facts before us, I submit, Is it not due to our native population, due also to the vigorous and productive immigrant, that this nation protect itself against the further imposition of this class? Failing in this protection, we shall ere long witness this burdensome and dangerous class in the proportions of a national calamity, without strength to protect our institutions against their anarchical and criminal assaults.

So far as the census figures show, crime is prevalent among immigrants from different nations in the following order, beginning with the worst: The West Indies, Spain, South America, China, Italy, Australia, Ireland, Scotland, France, England, British America, Russia, Germany, Poland, Wales, Belgium, Switzerland, Holland, Scandinavia, and Austro-Hungary.

The following statement, coming from reliable authority, concerning foreign-born prisoners will be found of interest: Of 12,681 prisoners of foreign birth, Ireland sends us 5,309; Germany, 2,071; England, 1,453; British America, 1,215; China, 526; Scotland, 414; Mexico, 330; Scandinavia (Sweden, Norway, and Denmark), 286; France, 247; Italy, 170; the West Indies, 81; Switzerland, 72; Wales, 71; Austria (including Bohemia and Hungary), 70; Poland, 47; Holland, 42; Russia, 39; Spain, 31; South America, 26; Australia, 16; the East Indies, 14; Belgium, 13; Portugal, 10; Africa, 8; Greece, 5; the Sandwich Islands, 4; Turkey, Malta, and Central America, 3 each; India, Asia, and the island of St. Helena, 2 each; Greenland, Bermuda, Ceylon, Japan, New Zealand, and the Azores, 1 each. Fourteen were born at sea; 7 came from some unknown country in Europe; and 73 are reported as foreign, but the place of birth is not stated.

The total numbers given in the preceding paragraph do not, of course, indicate the comparative tendencies to crime on the part of different nationalities. (*S. P. R.*)

III.

THE FIRST MURDERER.

His Crime—His Detection—His Conviction—His Punishment.

By a Sacred Historian.

“AND in process of time it came to pass, that Cain brought of the fruit of the ground an offering unto Jehovah. And Abel, he also brought of the firstlings of his flock and of the fat thereof. And Jehovah had respect unto Abel and to his offering: but unto Cain and to his offering he had not respect. And Cain was very wroth, and his countenance fell. And Jehovah said unto Cain, Why art thou wroth? and why is thy countenance fallen? If thou doest well, shall it not be lifted up? and if thou doest not well, sin coucheth at the door. . . . And Cain told Abel his brother. And it came to pass, . . . that Cain rose up against Abel his brother, and slew him.

“And Jehovah said unto Cain, Where is Abel thy brother? And he said, I know not: am I my brother's keeper? And he said, What hast thou done? the voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground. And now cursed art thou from the ground, which hath opened its mouth to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand; when thou tillest the ground, it shall not henceforth yield unto thee its strength; a fugitive and a wanderer shalt thou be in the earth. And Cain said unto Jehovah, My punishment is greater than I can bear.”

THE CAUSE.

In this case we find an admixture of ignorance, a misapprehension of law, jealousy, and anger.

IV.

A MISSING LINK.

Photograph Illustration—An Innocent Child—A Family Pet—A Wish Refused—A Mother Murdered—An Analysis.

LOOKING at the following picture, an impression comes that it is a representation of an intelligent and innocent child, incapable of viciousness. It, however, is a true likeness of a boy who, when about twelve years of age, brutally murdered his own mother. It seems that up to the time of committing this act he was the pet of the household, and especially the darling of his mother; and that almost universally his expressed wishes were unhesitatingly granted. On that fatal morning, however, of the day which brought to his home unremitting gloom, and stamped him as a monstrosity, his father had kindly but firmly declined a demand which he made. At this he became insolent and angry, and his mother tenderly rebuked him, and sustained the decision of his father. This seemed to stir within him a slumbering abnormal nature and arouse within him anomalous criminal propensities, which immediately broke over bounds and led to the assassination of his mother, in the absence of his sister and father.

A study of this case leads to the opinion that, though his intellectual faculties regarding other affairs may have been normal, with regard to moral conduct there are strong indications of a broken or missing link between the brain tissues and the moral monitor. In company and in conversation with him, it has seemed impossible to discover in him a single sign of conscience-life.



A MORAL PARALYTIC.

V.

A NOTORIOUS OCEAN PIRATE.

His Parents—When a Boy—A Captain of a Pirate Vessel—Nothing in Him to Admire—Not a Single Virtue.

JAMES D. JEFFRIES, *alias* Charles Biggs, was born in Providence, Rhode Island, about 1790.

History says: "Against this man's parents no charges of crime were ever made, yet it was generally believed that they were without methods of training." "This chief of criminals from his childhood lived a life of self-indulgence."

When but a boy, through fear of arrest for a robbery in which he had taken part, he fled to New Orleans, thence to Europe, where he soon became the leader of a gang of pirates, and, for criminal purposes, studied marine life. He delighted in exciting mutiny among the crews of vessels. As captain of piratical vessels, he directed in the capture and robbery of forty vessels upon the high seas, and the murder of the entire crews of two. His last crime was committed in November, 1830, while a privateer on the brig *Vineyard*. The vessel was then *en route* from New Orleans to Philadelphia. It was manned by Captain William Thornby and W. Roberts, mate, having on board \$50,000.

Biggs, with three others of the crew, murdered and threw overboard the officers, took possession of the money, turned the vessel toward Long Island coast, and ran ashore at Pelican Island. Biggs, with one other, was arrested, taken to New York, tried for piracy and murder, found guilty, and executed on Friday, April 22, 1831.

Historians write of him as follows: "Biggs was one of those criminals who present nothing in life or conduct we can admire." He was "utterly without the sort of energy that enables a man to make a living by honest toil." "He had not sufficient moral sentiment to keep him from the commission of crime." "His entire nature seemed saturated with selfishness, and his groveling soul was fixed upon the low plane as that of a wolf or hyena." "He did not seem capable of reason or remorse." "We may search in vain to find the single virtue linked with a thousand crimes that Byron offers in extenuation of the crimes of his corsairs."

OBSERVATION.

This record is, doubtless, chargeable—

1. To parental neglect and incompetency.
2. To early association with youthful criminals and participation in their crimes.
3. To habitual criminal indulgence and the cultivation of natural criminal propensities.



A KIDNAPER.

VI.

A KIDNAPER.

THE illustration of a kidnaper represents the countenance of a woman who, in mad frenzy,

*"Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,
Like thunder-clouds of gloom and fire,"*

stole an innocent child—a child not her own, but belonging to another, against whom she and others held angry spite. She was soon angry, self-willed, and could stay up at night to hate those whom, for imaginary reasons, she disliked. This disposition was doubtless the result of early environments and unfortunate associations.

VII.

A FAMILY OF FOUR DEMONS—THE BENDERS.

Wholesale Murder in Kansas—A Hotel Slaughter-House—The Personnel Of—A Spiritual Medium—A Free-lover—Escape.

THIS family consisted of four persons—old John, his wife, a son called John, and a daughter named Kate. They came to this country from Germany when the last named were quite young, and settled in Labette County, Kansas. Their house was a frame structure, situated on a wagon road leading through the county to several towns in adjacent counties. They kept a kind of hotel, but

“A darksome den,
Where murder reigned, and cruel treachery
Sat with th' invited guest.”

In all the annals of American criminals there is presented no picture of horror surpassing that of the Benders. Whether induced by the sign for entertainment, or drawn by the wiles of Kate, many who entered that house entered only to be stricken down with the sledge in the hands of old John, who stood concealed behind a curtain while Kate, in some way, would secure their attention.

After their sudden flight from this den, the discovery was made that no less than eleven persons had been murdered by them and buried in a small orchard near the house, while others whom they murdered were thrown into a river near by. What became of the Benders is yet a mystery.

From those who knew them, and have written about them, we gather the following:

“The old man was a repulsive, hideous brute, without a redeeming trait, dirty, profane, and ill-tempered.”

"Old Mrs. Bender was a dirty old Dutch crone. Her face was a fit picture of the midnight hag that wove the spell of murderous ambition about the soul of Macbeth."

"Young Bender, seen when excited, recalled the grave-robbing hyena at once to mind."

"Kate proclaimed herself responsible to no one save herself." She professed to be a medium of spiritualism, and delivered lectures on that subject. In her lectures she publicly declared that murder might be a dictation for good; that in what the world might deem villainy, her soul might read bravery, nobility, and humanity. She advocated "free-love," and denounced all social regulations for the promotion of purity and the prevention of carnality, which she called "miserable requirements of self-constituted society." She maintained carnal relations with her brother, and boldly proclaimed her right to do so, in the following words found in her lecture manuscript: "Shall we confine ourselves to a single love, and deny our natures their proper sway? . . . Even though it should be a brother's passion for his own sister, I say it should not be smothered."

How to account for these abnormal creatures, whose diabolical passions led to the commission of the many grave deeds of cruelty, lust, and blood, is indeed a puzzling problem. There certainly must have been some inherent defects in their moral constitution. Aye, more; their conduct suggests the probability of hereditary culture similar to that of strongly marked specimens of animals produced by selecting and breeding special characteristics. This hereditary culture may possibly obtain through an unconscious mingling of viciousness and criminal propensities in cohabitation to an extent that there is produced, with inbred moral faculties and blunted nature, a type of persons disposed to still greater criminal strides than their ancestors.

VIII.

CHARLES JULIUS GUTEAU.

Assassination of President Garfield—What the Prisoners in the
Ohio Penitentiary Thought of Guiteau—A Memorial Service—
His Conviction—What His Wife Thought of Him—Analysis.

ON the second day of July, 1881,

“Like a sleek and crouching panther,
The murderous coward steals upon his victim,”

sending a whirling missile of death into the body of James A. Garfield, then President of the United States. The deed, the trial, and the conduct of this wretch constitute one of the most horrible chapters in the history of criminals.

I was then chaplain of the Ohio Penitentiary, and heard from many of the prisoners the most severe condemnation of this fiend. On the occasion of the funeral of the President, September 26, 1881, the work in the prison was suspended, and appropriate memorial services were conducted in the chapel, when about twelve hundred prisoners were present. In connection with the exercises, one-half hour was given for remarks from prisoners, who were limited to five minutes each. Quite a number spoke, each in strong and emphatic tones denouncing the assassin. One prisoner, under sentence for twelve years, asked permission to read a paper expressing the sense of the inmates of the Ohio Penitentiary, with the request that it be submitted to a vote. I granted the request, the paper was read, and by uplifted hands was unanimously adopted. The following is a true copy of the paper:

"WHEREAS, We, the prisoners in the Ohio Penitentiary, recognize the deep affliction and gloom pervading the countless millions who mourn the untimely death of James A. Garfield, our President, by an assassin's bullet; and,

"WHEREAS, By that act Guiteau will be classed among criminals; we, therefore, declare, and make known to all, that as men deprived of our rights of citizenship, having, by violation of law, forfeited all claims to respect and protection, unanimously condemn and deprecate the act, and despise the cowardly wretch who perpetrated the wanton act, and consign him to eternal condemnation; that we feel that life for him is too good, and death not bad enough; that there is not a single emotion or spark of sympathy for the assassin in the hearts of any of the prisoners in this penal institution."

When tried, the defense did not deny the killing of the President by the prisoner. The only defense set up was on a plea of insanity, or that at the time of the killing the prisoner was not of sound mind, and therefore was incapable of committing murder in a legal sense. The jury, however, after hearing all the testimony and pleadings, reached a different conclusion, rendered a verdict of guilty, and the judge sentenced him to be hanged on Friday, June 30, 1882.

A careful analysis of the evidence submitted, and an unbiased consideration of the words and conduct of the prisoner, both immediately preceding and after the day of his crime, will certainly lead to the conclusion that he was a base composition of egotism and depravity. Prompted by an abnormal hunger for office and greed for gain, he deliberately fired that fatal shot which robbed the nation of a noble ruler and the church of a true and faithful servant.

From statements made by Guiteau's divorced wife, who doubtless suffered most at his hand, and who better understood his real nature than any other person, is clipped this significant utterance, "Whatever he may have had of talent or ingenuity was used in devising schemes by which he might illegally obtain money."

His own words, uttered on and after the day of the assassination, witness to his type of nature:

"A human life is of small value."

"I presume the President was a Christian, and that he will be happier in paradise than he was here."

"It will be no worse for Mrs. Garfield, dear soul, to part with her husband this way than by natural death."

To the judge, when sentence was passed upon him that he should be hanged, he said, "I had rather stand where I am than where the jury does, or than where your honor does."

I only repeat a fact which, in some form, has, by the many, been often expressed when I say that his moral nature was of the lowest type. Gratitude seemed not to dwell with him. Shame and remorse were strangers to him. From the moment he fired the fatal shot, he seemed to glory in his deed. Sir Walter Scott of such gave a fitting couplet when he wrote :

"Oh, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practice to deceive."

In this character is indeed presented a criminal specimen in whom was a combination of morbid vanity, unbridled viciousness, and cunning villainy.

HIS PHYSIOGNOMY.

Of his facial appearance, one who attended his trial and carefully studied his nature and disposition, said, "His mouth was of unusual proportions, and wore a fixed expression of anger, his nose was large and ill-shaped, and his eyes, though not small, were kept back under the forehead, and were typical of the maniac."

IX.

A DESPERADO.

**Robert McKimie—Illegitimate Child—Drifted from His Home
When a Boy—Associated with Criminals—A Leader of Out-
laws—Highway Robber and Murderer—A Prisoner.**



ROBERT M'KIMIE.

ROBERT MCKIMIE, *alias* "Little Reddy," from Texas, a desperado of the Black Hill region, was one of a gang of coach-treasure robbers and a leader among outlaws.

He was an illegitimate child, whose mother, a young, innocent, and respected girl, under promise of marriage,

was seduced, and by her seducer abandoned. When Robert was quite young, he was taken to be reared by his mother's sister, for whom he ever entertained a special and affectionate regard. She was a lady of estimable traits, and sought to instill in Robert's mind lessons of integrity and piety. Young Robert is reported to have been rather wild in his disposition, preferring to rove around and over his native hills, rather than settle down to his books and studies.

At the age of fourteen, he enlisted in the regular army. For some years after he left, his friends received no tidings of him. Finally his aunt, or foster-mother, received a letter from southern Kansas, which contained a draft for fifty dollars, saying he had quit the army, and that when he returned home he would have plenty of money.

Nothing more was heard from him by his friends until he returned to the home of his aunt at Rainsboro, Ohio, in September, 1877. Then he seemed to have plenty of money. Soon he entered into the mercantile business, and, apparently, was leading an honorable and successful life. What he might or would have done had he not been discovered as one of the Texas desperadoes remains an open question. He, however, always declared that it was his purpose to lead an upright life after his return to Ohio. To him, however, at a time when he was promising himself quiet there came the thrilling echo of the words of Moses, "Be sure your sin will find you out."



FERDINAND SEITZ,

**A prisoner in the Ohio Penitentiary for thirty-four years. Pardoned
by Governor Foster, March 2, 1881.**

1

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X.

NO OTHER LIKE THIS.

Ferdinand Seitz—A Prisoner for Thirty-four Years—Strange Effect of Drink—Thought He Killed a Snake—Taken to Ohio Penitentiary from Cincinnati in a Wagon—Pardoned by the Governor—His Farewell to the Prison—His Subsequent Conduct.

IN November, 1847, before transportation by railroad obtained between Cincinnati and Columbus, the sheriff of Hamilton County, Ohio, in a little old covered wagon, to which was attached one horse, drove from Cincinnati to Columbus, Ohio, having in charge one Ferdinand Seitz, who had been convicted of the murder of a man named Adams, and sentenced to the Ohio Penitentiary for life. He was then a young man of about twenty-one years. Having been from his native land, Germany, but a short time, he could speak but little English.

It was said, without contradiction, that in a barroom in Cincinnati, in the presence of Seitz and several others Adams exhibited a great roll of bills, and some one of the party called attention to the money, saying, "Boys, let 's have that pile." Shortly after this, the lifeless body of Adams was found by the roadside, quite a distance out of the city, with head crushed. Nearby was found an old plow-handle stained with human gore. It was claimed that Seitz killed Adams for his money.

Seitz has always earnestly maintained his innocence, and claimed that two men who were present when the roll of bills was exhibited were the guilty parties. He admitted that he was in the vicinity at or about the time of

the murder, and claimed that shortly after he was pointed out by these two men as the murderer, and arrested. He further stated that, not being able to speak English, he could not make a plea for himself or tell the officers that the two guilty men were the persons who pointed him out as the murderer. These two men subsequently appeared in court and gave testimony against Seitz.

THE STORY OF SEITZ,

which he often repeated, was substantially as follows: That the two men, accompanied by Adams, came to him on the morning of the day of the murder and said that they were going out to look at a farm which they were thinking of buying for some friends, and wished him to go along. He consented to go with them. Before going, they all drank something, but not all from the same bottle. Seitz says: "I first refused to drink anything, but finally said I would take some cider. After some delay, they brought me what they said was a superior grade of cider, which I drank. Then we started for the land. After some time, I began to feel very strange, as I think, from the effects of what I drank. I stopped, and said I could go no farther, but would return to the city. The men, however, urged me to go on with them, which I did. After reaching the land, the men began what seemed to be an examination of the land, but I felt so very strange I could scarcely see anything. My head was dizzy, and my mind seemed to wander as if I were having strange visions. Soon Adams and the two men disappeared, and I saw no more of them for some time."

He further stated what is here given in his exact words: "I moved a short distance from where I was when the men disappeared, and stopped near a fence. All at once I did hear somebody say, 'Now I have you and now I fix

you.' I was looking, but could see nobody. I thought the voice did come up out of the ground, when all at once I did see a great big rattlesnake right before me. His eyes were all fire. With his mouth open he did spit fire at me. Some of the sparks did fly in my face. I got hold of an arm from a plow to defend myself. Then that man Adams came near and got hold of a rail and said, 'You must not strike or kill that snake.' I knocked the rail out of that man's hand. The snake fought me just as hard as he could. I struck the snake in the head all of fourteen times before I killed him. He was about fourteen feet long. Then I said to the man: 'What have you done that for? What business had you to interfere with me? I believe you are a devil yourself. I will go away from you and will have nothing more to do with you at all.' I did go away from him. I saw those two men standing behind a tree in the woods about two or three hundred feet from us. I then went to a spring nearby, and while here the two men came to me and said that Adams had been murdered, and that I had killed him."

In all interviews, Seitz has steadily maintained that he had nothing whatever to do in the murder of Adams. He would never admit that what seemed to him a snake might possibly have been Adams, but that he killed a snake always seemed to him beyond question.

OPINION.

After a careful study of this case, I am most inclined to believe that Seitz did kill Adams, but that at that time he was under the influence of drugged intoxicants furnished by the two men to whom he refers; that under the strange influence his mind was unbalanced, his reason dethroned, and his will paralyzed, and that his condition temporarily was equivalent to that which obtains in

delirium tremens; and that, under this delusive influence, he was only the prepared instrument and agent for those who furnished him the drink. Another and possible theory is, that the two men plotted and committed the murder of Adams, and, that they might more easily fasten the guilt upon this young German, they prepared and furnished him the admixture. It is evident that Seitz never recognized himself as guilty from the following facts:

1. From the beginning and throughout his long imprisonment, even when conversing with those whom he regarded as confidential friends, he asserted his innocence.

2. At the time of his release, and after the pardon of the governor was delivered to him, in what he termed his "Farewell to the Prison," and which he presented to the chaplain, he said: "It is now thirty-four years since I have been in this place. Why, that is almost the half-part of a man's life—yes, more than the half-part. And, oh, what a long and terrible time that is for any one, no matter what crime or how guilty he should be. I say, it is far too long a time for any one to be in such a place, but terrible for me who was, and is entirely innocent. Perhaps it will look very strange to some of you if I tell you that I have been absolutely and entirely wrongfully kept in this place, but so it is."

3. In a number of letters received by the writer months after his release from the prison, he insisted with emphasis that he was innocent of the crime for which he had so long suffered.

HIS FAREWELL.

Before leaving the prison, he wrote an address, which he expected to read on Sunday. He, however, left it in the hands of the chaplain. It covers nineteen pages of legal cap, very closely written. The following is the closing paragraph of the address: "I sympathize with you all,

because I know very well what it is to be a prisoner. I myself have wished sometimes in those dark days that a deep sleep might fall upon me, that in death's likeness I could embrace death and so be at rest for evermore. What mind can conceive, what tongue utter the dark and terrible hours that I have spent in this place?"

About the time Seitz was pardoned, some said that if released he could not support himself. Subsequent developments, however, proved the contrary. In a letter written about six months after his release, he said, "I have steady employment, have good clothing, and a deposit in bank of \$100."

XI.

A POLITICAL MURDERER.

Civil Strife of 1861-1865—The Hand of Neighbor Against Neighbor—Anger Overbounds—A Plot to Kill—Organized Death—An Influential Citizen Murdered Because of His Political Views—The Assassin Convicted and Imprisoned—His Confession—His Pardon—Analysis.

MANY signals of distress still reëcho from, and many streaks of human gore still stain the pages which contain the history of America's Civil War. Many unwritten instances of hate, of cruel plotting and murder may be narrated. Then were bonds of fraternity, which had seemed like mystic cords of love, snapped asunder, and the hand of one neighbor set firmly against another neighbor. It was during that exciting period that passion was "hair-strained" and "broke over bounds." Then it was that many under the influence of anger manifested freaks of temporary insanity, while others, with murderous hate, stealthily plotted against the lives and property of previously recognized valuable citizens.

At this time, there lived within the county of ———, State of Ohio, one D., an intelligent, industrious, and prosperous farmer, who was the recognized leader of the community in all that tended to advance public weal. This man, up to the time of the political excitement, was esteemed by all who knew him. When the civil conflict began, he openly declared himself in sympathy with the Federal Government, and announced his purpose to give his entire influence and support thereto. For this he was denounced and persecuted by many of his neighbors.

In the summer of 1864, secret organizations were effected in many of the States, whose avowed purpose was to oppose all further prosecution of the war for the suppression of the rebellion, and, if need be, to this end to coöperate with certain leaders to secure the recognition of the Southern Confederacy. As a supposed result of, and under the dictation of this organization, Mr. D., this influential farmer, was murdered in his own dooryard, August 10, 1864, by one of his neighbors, J. C. C., who was subsequently arrested, tried, and convicted of murder in the second degree, and sentenced to the Ohio Penitentiary for life.

For some years the prisoner was quite reticent, in part, as he afterwards stated, because he hoped to obtain the influence of those under whose advice he acted in securing his pardon. Subsequently, however, he became quite talkative, and would converse freely about his crime and the influences which led thereto. In 1880, the murderer, J. C. C., wrote out and handed to the writer, then his chaplain,

HIS CONFESSION.

From this is gleaned the principal facts, omitting names, which I am pledged to withhold during the lifetime of himself and others named:

"OHIO PENITENTIARY, COLUMBUS, OHIO, August 20, 1880.

"To Whom it May Concern.

"I, J. C. C., of my own free will and accord, do make, publish, and declare as true the following:

"I became a citizen of Ohio in 1853. I did not concern myself about politics nor bother about the war until after the Emancipation Proclamation. I then took sides with the South. I joined a secret political organization which had its branches throughout the United States, with C. L. V. as chief for the Northern States, and P. P., of the Southern army, as chief for the Confederate States. Every member of this organization was requested to pay \$100, with which to buy guns and ammunition. The lodge to which

I belonged had about two thousand members. General K. prepared and circulated 'A Peace Petition,' but the Abolitionists refused to sign it.

"At one meeting, when, because of sickness, I was absent, it was resolved that one D. should be put to death (dispatched) because he refused to sign the 'Peace Petition,' and I and another man were selected for the purpose, so I was afterward informed. I lived at that time on the farm south of D.'s residence.

"My cows got out of my pasture and went to D.'s. He set his dogs on them. I had no gun, so I went to D. K.'s house and told him that D. had dogged my cows. He said, 'Now is your time to dispatch him,' and said I should go over to Y.'s and borrow his gun, and that he would lend me his revolver. I went to Y.'s, but he was not at home. I told Mrs. Y. that I wanted the gun to shoot D.'s dogs. She gave it to me, with ammunition. D. K. further said, 'When D. interferes with your shooting his dogs, give him the contents of my revolver,' which he loaded and handed to me. I went to D.'s at 11:00 A. M., August 10, 1864. When I entered his yard, I passed D., but said nothing. I went on the north side of his house, he followed me, and I shot him."

THE MURDERER

was a man of family, possessed a fair degree of natural ability, with very limited education. He was capable of managing his own affairs when free from the dictation of others. He lacked much in perceptive and reasoning faculties, yielded readily to persuasion, especially when mingled with flattery. He manifested some will power, which, however, was unsteady and easily dethroned. His table for computing righteousness was defective, his scales for valuing integrity were unreliable, and his moral monitor was paralyzed. He was indeed an easy prey for the conscienceless political schemer. He was pardoned in 18—.

XII.

TOOK THE WRONG ROAD.



GUSTAVE ADOLPH OHR.

A Reader of Sensational Literature—Father Dead—A Good Musician—He Played Violin at Balls and Concerts—Murdered a Man for His Watch—Convicted and Executed with his Accomplice.

“He that once sins, like he that slides on ice,
Goes swiftly down the slippery ways of vice,
Though conscience checks him, yet, those rubs gone o’er,
He slides on smoothly and looks back no more.”

—*Dryden.*

GUSTAVE A. OHR, at the time of his arrest, was between seventeen and eighteen years of age. He was born in Bavaria, Germany, and came with his parents to this country when he was between one and two years of age. Soon after, his father died, and his mother remarried. Though naturally of quick perception, his early education was considerably neglected, and he was allowed to run at large through the city of Chicago, Illinois, where he then lived. Having a natural gift for music, he soon learned to play the violin and other instruments, and his services were frequently given at balls and parties and free concerts of questionable character. He had also become a great lover of reading, but he generally selected what is known as "yellow-covered literature," "blood and thunder stories," etc. His was a warm-hearted disposition, with a strong will force.

When about seventeen years of age, he determined to venture from home and tramp eastward. When near Fort Wayne, Indiana, he fell into company with an old gentleman and a young man, who were also tramping. The three traveled together until they reached Stark County, Ohio, where the two young men, or boys, murdered the old gentleman while he was asleep, for his watch and some money. Ohr was arrested, found guilty of murder in the first degree, and executed, June 25, 1880. It seems quite conclusive that parental neglect, impure literature, and vicious companions were all responsible for this ruined life and forced death.

XIII.

ONE OF TWO.

A Boy Murderer Pays the Penalty by Hanging.

"The friendships of the world are oft
Confederacies in vice, or leagues of pleasure."

—*Addison.*

"Uncertain ways unsafest are."

—*Sir J. Denham.*



GEORGE E. MANN.

GEORGE E. MANN, the companion of Gustave A. Ohr in the murder of John Wattmaugh, near Canton, Ohio, and with whom he was hanged, June 25, 1880, was born in New York, and was of English parentage. His mother

died when he was quite young, and his father soon remarried and removed to Kansas. At the age of fifteen years, he started to tramp his way from Kansas to New York. He seems to have lacked moral courage, veracity, and will force. He might, however, have been a very different character and lived an upright life, but for the early death of a mother, the indifference of a father, early evil associations, and bad reading.

XIV.

ONE STEP LEADS TO ANOTHER.



JOHN SAMMETT.

An Adventurer—A Treacherous Youth—Killed a Youthful Companion Because He Refused to Bear False Witness—Executed with Two Others.

"Crime leads to crime as brook in brook doth flow,
Until at last death's ocean swallows all."

—*Marlowe.*

JOHN SAMMETT murdered a youthful associate, because he refused to bear false testimony in a suit pending wherein Sammett was charged with burglary and larceny.

His parents were of German extraction, and were respected and esteemed citizens. His mother died when he was a small child, and his father married again. John soon became restless, and was inclined to wanderings. One who knew him writes: "Early in life young Sammett imbibed a taste for adventure, impelled, no doubt, by reading low and exciting literature, and without the restraining influences of a loving mother. He was soon known to the officers of Massillon as a boy that would stand considerable watching. Though detected in several petty thefts, his relatives would see that the fines were paid, or some settlement made, so that John would secure his discharge from custody."

He was executed at Canton, Ohio, with Ohr and Mann, June 25, 1880. From some cause his tendencies were downward, his inclinations vicious, and his moral perceptive faculties blunted, if not totally paralyzed.

XV.

THRILLING INCIDENT.

A Wayward Brother Found When Dead—A Sister's Great Concern About His Salvation—Identity Confirmed by a Ring—His Sickness and Death—His Friends Remove His Body—Letters from a Sister to the Chaplain.

NEARLY three-fourths of a century ago, there lived in a well-regulated community in one of our prosperous commonwealths, an interesting, prosperous, and pious family, consisting of the father, mother, two sons, and two daughters. At the family altar, daily, these bowed in fervent prayer that God's blessing might overshadow them, that his grace might sustain them, and that they each might be kept from the evils which are in the world.

When the youngest of the children was but two years old, the father slept the sleep of death. Some years later, the mother died, also. The education and care of the children were, however, well provided for.

The elder son, with a fair education, entered manhood. He gathered for himself and family a sufficient amount of worldly goods to make them comfortable and happy, and, because of his recognized ability and integrity, on invitation of the President of the United States, represented this Government in one of the influential foreign courts.

The two daughters each had a good education, a well-recognized social standing, and a well-defined reputation for integrity and piety.

John, the younger son, obtained a fair education in the common schools, and, with the continued efforts of his sis-

ters, retained the early impressions for good made upon his mind by his mother and sisters in their home. He soon, however, gave evidences of a restless nature and a roving disposition. Notwithstanding the entreaties of his brother and pleadings of his sisters, he soon began to rove, and was frequently seen in strange company. For a while he kept his sisters informed as to his locations, and at intervals would visit them. Step by step and year after year he descended, until his associations were almost entirely with the professional criminals of the country, and he became one of them, and suffered incarceration in several of the penal institutions, but always under some assumed name, to keep all information from his friends.

This man, under the assumed name of John May, was received at the Ohio Penitentiary in 1875, under charge of burglary and larceny. He entered upon his imprisonment without a murmur, his conduct and spirit seemingly that of one who had previously counted the cost and determined to take the risk. He made few requests and remained quite reticent. His physical condition was abnormal when he entered the prison. He continued to decline, gradually, and was finally ordered to the prison hospital, where I had frequent interviews with him touching his former life and future outlook, but could obtain from him no information touching his relatives, beyond that they were wealthy, honorable, and of high social standing; and that for their sake he had determined to die unknown. Every reasonable effort was made to induce him to give the name of some friend to whom the authorities might telegraph, in the event of death. To the last moment he resisted, saying, "Do with my body what you please, but my relatives must never know that I was a criminal, and died in prison." He died in the prison hospital, January 16, 1881.

A PROBLEM.

What the influences, and when set in motion, which turned this life out of the paths of integrity and piety and forced it thitherward, is, indeed, a question for study. Possibly the solution lies covered up in both sensational literature and evil companions, which found their way into the home without the recognition of the mother and sisters.

HIS RELATIVES FOUND.

Prior to May's death, a former criminal associate, who was also doing penal service, was assigned to the hospital as nurse for May. He knew both May and his relatives, and, after May's death, informed the officials where, by telegraph, the brother of the dead man might be reached. A telegram was immediately sent, and an answer received saying that the brother was on his way to care for the body. On his arrival, accompanied by a friend who had seen John later than his brother, the body was carefully scrutinized, and all possible inquiry made. Finally it was decided that the body was indeed that of the lost and wandering brother, and it was taken and deposited in a city vault.

At the request of this brother, with the view of extending comfort and additional information, I, as chaplain, wrote to one of the sisters, Mrs. M. This was the beginning of quite an extended correspondence, to which reference is made below. During this correspondence, and from other sources of information, it became quite evident that there yet remained doubts as to the identity of May, he having been absent from all his friends for over eighteen years, and I was urged, if possible, to find additional evidences. This became known among the prisoners, and a few who were well acquainted with May and who had asso-

ciations with him out of prison furnished some evidences tending to further confirm the facts previously given. Finally, a prisoner who watched with John the night of his death came to me and said, "The night of John's death, he took from his finger this ring and put it on my finger, saying, 'This is a gift from my sister, Mrs. M., which she placed on my finger the last time I saw her.'" This ring contained the initials of both Mrs. M. and her brother, and was immediately forwarded to her. On receipt of this ring, the identity of her brother was fully confirmed, as she at once recognized the ring and recalled the occasion.

The correspondence, however, continued further. Every letter from Mrs. M. clearly indicated that the burden of her spirit was the concern for the salvation of her brother. See how she grasped for evidences looking toward this. It is to this end, and more, that the reader may gain a fair idea of the spirit, the culture, and piety of this woman who was so closely related to a confirmed criminal, that I insert the following:

EXTRACTS FROM THE LETTERS OF JOHN MAY'S SISTER.

Rev. D. R. Miller,

JANUARY 20, 1881.

DEAR Sir: Your most anxiously looked-for letter reached me since noon, and I thank you for it; and, oh, so much for ministering to my beloved brother. While I try to bow with submission to the will of my dear Lord and Savior,—who is my only refuge in this hour of trial,—my distress is very great. My dear John was the youngest of our little flock, and was left an orphan at a very early age; and while dearly loving my dear sister and dear oldest brother, poor, dear John lay nearest my heart; and now, mingled with bitter tears, is reproach that I did not have search made for him. I heard last from him from Cincinnati, and my sister and myself wrote to that city, directing, as he had requested, to the care of a friend of his. That person, after some time, returned our letters all together in a package and wrote that he was not there. As in the past,—at different periods,—we would not hear from him for a length of time, we were always hoping that we would hear from him. Last autumn, I heard he was in Iowa. He was always

a dear and loving brother. How unselfish he was, for he surely knew that if he had written in 1878, and told us where he was, and that his health was impaired, effective means would have been taken to bring him away. Oh, what a mistaken kindness it was not to let us know! You write me that about four weeks ago you said to him, "How are you?" and "Have you hope of salvation?" He said, "Yes, I have some hope *yet*." Could it be that he mistook you and thought you meant hope of living? Oh, if I could only be sure of his salvation I could be comforted! Did darling John think we should never hear of his death? Did he read the Scriptures?

M.

FEBRUARY 1, 1881.

MY DEAR FRIEND: Last week, I received your most kind letter of January 24. It afforded me some comfort. I carry it about me and read it over and over again. You point me to the only source of true consolation. How should we do without that dear Savior of whose sympathy we are sure, and who, we know, is ever willing to receive with loving, outstretched arms the greatest sinner who comes to him with true penitence and faith. His precious blood can wash away all sin. Oh, what would I not do to be *sure* that my darling brother had that repentance and faith unto life eternal. The fear that it might not be so is too agonizing. O my dear sir, I beg that when you think of or remember anything penitent or respecting his soul's salvation that he said, you will write it down, so that you will not forget it, and sometime write it to me. I am so thankful that he had an earnest Christian minister with him, to lead him to Christ; one that was kind and faithful to him. I hope and believe that God will richly reward you, and, oh, I thank you so sincerely.

How did my brother appear to feel about his salvation when you last talked to him? How long before his death did he know that he could not recover?

M.

FEBRUARY 9, 1881.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I wrote to you a few days since, but I feel constrained to write to you again to-day. My brother A—— is absent, and I can think of nothing but my poor, dear John. . . . I know that the blessed Savior is merciful and ready to receive every penitent soul, but we *must* repent and believe on him to be saved. Oh, if I could be sure that my beloved brother believed unto life eternal, I should not shed so many bitter tears as I do. How I do reproach myself for not seeking him out, but I thought it would be as in the past—that he was wandering somewhere, and that I should see him again. . . . O dear sir, if you can re-

member any word he said that would afford me any comfort, do please write it. Do you think he understood what it is to believe on and rest in Christ?

M.

FEBRUARY 10, 1881.

MY DEAR FRIEND: Yesterday I was quite alone, and sought relief for my sad thoughts by writing to you. Before sending my letter, I received, this morning, your most truly kind letter. It comforts me to hear from you, and, although you have answered almost every question I have asked you, in this of yesterday, in the one received to-day, or in your previous letters, I will send it with this. . . . Oh, what a comfort those words of yours, in your first letter, were to me, "I hope at the bright dawn of eternity you may greet him in glory." If I could be assured of that, I would indeed be comforted. I have seldom, in many, many years, seen my brother A— weep, but when he read that, he could not restrain tears. Do, my dear sir, pray earnestly for his conversion. . . . Pardon me for saying so much to you, but I feel that you understand and enter into my feelings and know how anxious I must be to hear any words that would indicate *true* repentance and sorrow for sin.

M.

MARCH 26, 1881.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I have received your kind letter of the 23d inst., inclosing the ring I gave my poor, dear John so many, many years ago. Oh, what memories it awakened. If I could then have gazed down the vista of years and imagined under what circumstances it would be returned to me, how could I have borne it? How good and gracious our Heavenly Father is in concealing the future from us. This day ten weeks ago he breathed his last.

M.

APRIL, 1881.

Please present my love to dear Mrs. Miller. I do not regard her as a stranger, but as a kind friend, who took an interest in one of my dearest ones, who had no kindred near his dying bed to close his eyes. O my dear sir, I cannot help thinking of those last weeks and days of his life, when he knew that he *must* die, alone, without a single loved one near him. . . . My brother and son both have told me how kindly your dear wife spoke to them. I wish I could thank her in person.

Your sister in the Lord,

M.

APRIL 13.

Did dear John ever speak to you on the subject of religion, or appear to have any anxiety about his salvation, before he was told that he could not recover? Oh, how I wish I could talk with you.

M.

XVI.

DOUBLE PERSONALITY—TWO CHARACTERS SEEMINGLY
COMBINED IN ONE.

Strange Parallels—The Other Side—A Psychological Study.

Psychological Analysis of Frederick Hallman, the Brute and Murderer, and Frederick Hallman, the Religious Enthusiast.

BY W. O. KROHN,

Professor of Psychology at the University of Illinois.

FREDERICK HALLMAN was born in Brandenburg, Germany, and came to the United States in 1883.

It is one of the anomalies that have long puzzled the students of mental science that the murderer who will kill and mutilate his victim in a horrible manner will, at the same time, tenderly care for the crippled dog which he has adopted for his pet or manifest the kindest feelings toward the sparrow with broken wing that has, by chance, fallen through the grated bars of his prison cell. That one and the same could be guilty of gross cruelties and be unable to experience remorse, while, at the same time, he would manifest a rare tenderness of feeling, seems almost incredible. The same brain gave forth impulses in directly opposite tendencies; it was the source of the most tender sentiment and also of the best passion to kill. The same heart that at times thrilled with the highest and loftiest emotions that men ever experience, at other times was imperturbable as cold steel, without a qualm or quiver, as its possessor would throttle his victim, a helpless woman, and kill her if she did not yield.

STRANGE PARALLELS.

A German criminal having murdered his sweetheart most cruelly, went back to her house to let out a canary bird which might suffer for want of food. Lacenaire, on the same day he committed a murder, risked his life to save that of a cat. Can these impulses be attributed to one and the same self, or is there really a dual self, a double personality, taking abode in the same body?

The questions all suggest themselves when one thinks of the subject of this sketch, who, in 1897, was hanged at Paxton, Illinois, for the shockingly brutal murder of Mrs. Gedde. To him are attributed no less than five similar murders of women, and, in addition, at least eight different attempts to murder. The writer of this article, through an order of the Circuit Court, has had committed to him the brain of Hallman, for the purpose of careful microscopic examination at the psychological laboratory of the University of Illinois. Even a cursory and superficial examination reveals that it is, in many points, the typical brain of a born criminal. It is in no sense a normal brain, but certain striking characteristics compel one to call it the brain of a degenerate. From Hallman's history, one is compelled to believe that so far as one side of his nature was concerned he was a homicidal novice maniac.

The base villainy of Hallman, or Hartman, as he sometimes called himself, was shown very clearly in the cool calculation and well-thought-out and carefully planned methods with which he attempted his criminal deeds. In every instance, he employed the same tactics, as has been testified by those of his victims who fortunately happened to escape with their lives. He would seize the victim by both the wrists with his hands, and with an upward swing, keeping hold of the wrists, would press his thumbs against the victim's throat to prevent an outcry. We speak thus in

detail to show the cool villainy of the murderer. The same methods were used in every case, and never once has he ever exhibited the least remorse for his horrible misdeeds. For seven or eight years he has been ruthlessly pursuing this same fiendish course, until his crimes seemed nothing but matter of fact occurrences to him.

THE OTHER SIDE.

Now, as to the other side or phase of his personality. The statement read on the scaffold for Hallman was as follows: "I must die, and find my death in this way. I hold no malice toward any one. I freely forgive as I ask God, for Christ's sake, to forgive me. Think not that I must close my lips because another speaks for me. I am not guilty of the crime for which I die. I leave it all with God. I believe that one who does not confess to God his sins is eternally lost. I have confessed to God and trust in him. The rich, instead of spending their money for the theater and the opera, should build hospitals and almshouses for the poor. Some day those who spend money in this way may find themselves in the condition of the rich man who despised the poor Lazarus. I am glad that I am so near the end. I ask that my body be sent to Grand Haven, Michigan, and placed beside that of my wife and child. Through the Rev. M. G. Wilson's efforts I have been saved. I thank him for his kindness."

In the original statement, as dictated by the murderer, were two sentences that showed much bitter rancor toward the ministers who had first called on him and refused him the sacrament. At the suggestion of the other ministers, who accompanied him to the scaffold, he permitted those two sentences to be cut out. Most of his time in jail was spent in singing hymns and repeating Scripture verses. He was very proud of his Bible, and on it was inscribed

in gold letters, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." This he carefully held toward the camera when his picture was taken on the scaffold.

With all of the religious fervor he displayed, in the most emotional outbursts, he could never be persuaded to make a confession of his crimes. Once he seemed to be on the point of confessing his guilt of the horrible misdeeds attributed to him, but he was interrupted for a moment, and remorse never could again twinge him with sufficient power to extort a single word of acknowledgement of, or sorrow for his crimes, and yet, at the same time, he would sing, "Nearer, my God, to thee," or "Jesus, Lover of my soul," or some other sacred hymn—too sacred, indeed, to be profaned by such remorseless lips.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY.

To the psychologist it is almost an utter impossibility to reconcile the spirit of the man truly penitent for his misdeeds, the spirit of deep humility, with that of the most arrogant vanity displayed by such criminals as Frederick Hallman. The vanity of the boy criminal, or the criminal by heredity, is a well established fact, and is evidenced in both his intellectual and emotional activities. Such vanity as Hallman displayed testifies most forcefully to his false estimate of life and of himself, as well as to his egotism and self-delight in admiration.

One of Hallman's most beseeching requests was that he might have a coffin with a glass in it, that others might have the privilege of looking on his face. This request was no doubt due to the fact that in his German home district a ready-made casket such as we have here is unknown. The burial case is made by hand by the village carpenter, and is very simple in form and finish. Hallman thought himself greatly honored by being the only member of his

father's family buried in a casket with a glass cover. On the morning of the execution he asked to see the casket that had been secured for his burial. This request was granted to him, and he took great pleasure finding the glass in the cover, and he felt of the satin lining with his fingers, expressing himself as greatly delighted thereat. Not the slightest trace of fear or dread seemed to cross his mind.

When the death warrant was read to him a moment later, he was completely indifferent. This is all the more strange when it is remembered that at times he would break into the most violent sobs and passionate outbreaks. When some hymns were sung to him, at his request, the day before, he cried like a child, and his spiritual advisers thought he certainly had the contrite heart of a penitent man. Yet, on the same day, when his picture was taken while standing on the death-trap of the gallows, he manifested the most marked vanity conceivable. From every particular about this pose, with chin pointed out and head up in the air, one would think he regarded himself in his self-centered, vain conceit as the envy of all men. To the very last this vanity remained as a marked mental characteristic. In a hundred ways Hallman showed his supreme conceit, yet at the same time his other self was engrossed in citing scripture, humming religious hymns, and indulging in prayer and incantations. How a man with any realization of his position before the great Judge of the universe could at the same time manifest such consummate vanity is a psychological contradiction impossible of reconciliation from the human point of view.

DOUBLE PERSONALITY.

Double personality, or double consciousness, is interesting in modern psychology. The following marked example, for which we have the authority of M. Tissie, is a

case in point: Albert D., aged thirty, is neuropathic by heredity. His father died of softening of the brain, he has lost a brother through meningitis at thirty years of age, and another of his brothers is hypochondriacal at the age of eight, in consequence of a fall. Albert began to suffer from violent migraine, accompanied by sickness. The characteristic of this morbid state is the impulse to walk. He walks at random, is able to direct himself, accomplishing as much as seventy kilometers a day, and sometimes more.

This is what happens: Albert dreams in the night that he is to go to a certain town, and in the morning, having awakened, or appearing to be awake, he continues his dream and departs, abandoning his family and his concerns. He generally sees in his dream some one whom he knows, who invites him to follow him to a town where he will find work, for he is hard-working, and it is his constant anxiety to ameliorate his situation, and that of his wife, whom his repeated escapades have reduced to misery. After having, in his second state, searched the place where his wife hides her little savings, he departs, but he does not know what resources he has upon him, and will allow himself to be robbed.

He has been arrested a number of times as a vagabond. Albert is acquainted with all the prisons of Europe, and many of the hospitals. To sum up, he represents two states, two personalities, one in which he is awake, like every one else, and the other in which he is on his wanderings.

Hallman, although almost a perfect physical specimen, manifested certain neuropathic symptoms, which my examination of his brain clearly substantiates. He certainly inherited some nervous taint, which perhaps made it impossible to inhibit his violent outbreaks of passion.

Strangely enough, his passionate outbursts were recurrent and not always manifest. He would perhaps have to be regarded as belonging to the same group as the following, though, of course, his symptoms of double selfhood were by no means so completely marked or so carefully noticed, because of the obscurity in which his life had been spent.

In 1880, aged seventeen, a patient enters the asylum of Bonneval. He is hysterical by heredity. One day, while working in the fields, he is seized by a sudden fright at the sight of a viper, and has a violent attack of hysteria. On his return to consciousness, he is quite a different person. His character changes completely. From being quarrelsome and a thief he has become a gentle, honest, and obliging individual. He is in the second state. Moreover, he has completely lost all remembrance of the past, and fancies he is still at St. Urbain, a penitentiary settlement, from which he had been sent to Bonneval. He recognizes nothing that he sees about him. Not only has he forgotten all that he has seen and all that has happened, but he can no longer exercise the trade of tailoring that he knew before his attack. This state lasts a year, at the end of which, after a violent attack of hysteria, he becomes again what he was formerly, vicious, a thief, arrogant, and quarrelsome. He ends at last by escaping from the asylum. When he is brought back, he presents a similar phase. He has been studied a long time at Bicetre by M. Jules Voisin. At last he escaped during a period of his normal condition. Later, we find him at Rochefort as foot soldier in the marines, and he has served for a subject to M. Bouru and M. Butot for interesting experiments.

Like every hereditary or inborn criminal, Hallman was incapable of prolonged mental exertion. He manifested, also, the emotional instability so typical of the habitual criminal. This, in a measure, accounts for the otherwise

inconceivable fact that religion and crime can be so closely related. Note with what ardor the most hardened criminals will engage in the religious services of the prisons in which they are incarcerated. Often at such times will they punctuate their fervid religious outbursts with violent sobs. To them, as it seems to us, religion is nothing more or less than an emotional intoxication—an orgy, made up of sentimental gush, rather than an experience that has for its seat the deepest recesses of the human heart, lighted up by the torch of reason and the gleams of a satisfied intellectual repose.

HALLMAN ANALYZED.

Does Frederick Hallman, in his religious protestations, belong to the same class of individuals or not? This is the question that is pressing for solution and answer in the minds of every one at all interested in his actions, both recent and more remote. As to the scientific examination of his brain and skull, the following facts are clearly established: First, as to skull. Certain abnormalities are plainly presented, both as to shape and structure. Its size is normal, being neither above nor below that of the average man. With reference to shape, the most significant fact is this: In the normal skull the angle made by drawing a line from the middle point of the forehead to the tip of the nose and then to the point of the chin is never less than one hundred and thirty-five degrees. In the case of Hallman, the angle made by similar lines is ninety-one degrees, almost a perfect right angle.

The bony skull cap itself is unusually irregular in thickness—something like what is found in the case of some of the insane. The brain is about normal in size, in weight exactly fifty-two ounces. It is more resistant to the knife than the normal brain. The configuration of the surface is

also different from that found in the brain of the non-criminal. Certain of the fissures are crossed and twisted in their tortuous course, rather than clearly defined and unbranching, as in the normal brain. In this respect, the brain of Hallman resembles that of some of the more noted criminals, such as McIlvaine, executed by electricity at Sing Sing, New York.

In certain localities of the brain surface the gray rind, or cortex, is thinner than normal. The brain cells themselves also exhibit some abnormal characteristics. The brain has been carefully hardened, and is well preserved, so that very soon the actions can be made for close microscopic study. What results such examination will reveal are looked forward to with no small degree of interest, for it is the brain of one of the greatest degenerates that has ever lived among men; the brain of an individual who stands as a monster outside the pale of civilization, though he has lived in the most enlightened age the world has ever known, with its educational facts and forces so potent in effecting the moral uplifting, as well as the mental improvement of mankind.

XVII.

A MONSTROSITY.

Ohio Cow Fiend—Cuts Pieces Out of Living Cows.



JUD HOLLAND.

WHO is this? It is not Jack the Ripper, who, for many months, kept England's people in fearful commotion; but it is the facial expression of the "Ohio cow fiend," a negro who, for quite a while, greatly disturbed the people living in and around Columbus, Ohio, by assaulting, mutilating, and cutting into pieces a number of living cows. After repeated efforts, this crafty villain was detected, while carrying a piece of flesh which he had cut from his last subject. He was arrested, tried, and convicted of this singu-

lar crime, and sentenced to the Ohio Penitentiary for fourteen years.

A study of this face leads only to the conclusion that he is a monstrous villain. Surely some

"Ill stars at his base birth were in conjunction
And tainted all the current of his life."

XVIII.

A STRUGGLE TO FORGIVE A FOE.

A Sick Man Told He Must Die—He Gives Messages for His Family—Harbors Illwill to a Neighbor—Stops in the Midst of His Prayer—Cannot Say, "Forgive as I Forgive"—Overcomes—Reconciled—His Death.

ONE morning my attention was particularly called to a large and robust-looking man who, but a few days previous, was received from Paulding County. The physician reported him seriously ill, and liable to die within a few hours, but certainly within a very short time. I informed him of his impending fate, and advised him to make all necessary preparations at once.

He gave me some messages for his family, and then said: "I once had peace with God and fellowship with his people. Through certain influences, I was led astray, and committed a criminal offense, for which I served one term in this prison. On my release, I returned to my family with a resolution to live an honest life. I kept my vow; but, because of my previous record, there was a manifest prejudice against me, and an inclination to charge me with all criminal acts committed in the community. One night a crime was committed with which I was charged, and for which I was arrested, tried, and convicted. One whom I have good reason to believe committed that crime was an active and principal witness against me."

He then expressed a desire for pardon of sin and fitness for the life beyond, but entertained fears of inability, with his present state of mind, to conform to all the conditions.

I suggested a prayer, and proposed that he join with me in repeating the Lord's Prayer, to which he gave consent. We began, and he uttered, in a clear tone, every word until we reached the words, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us." He suddenly stopped and said, "Chaplain, I cannot say that, for I cannot now forgive the man who bore false witness against me, and thereby caused me to come to this prison."

I replied, "This difficulty now in your way must be overcome before we can go further toward pardon." I urged that he refer this matter to God and leave his foe in his hands. We again started to repeat the prayer, but again he stopped at the same point, and said, "This with me is asking for forgiveness as I forgive, which is not at all."

I left him at this point, saying, "Until you can pray this part of the prayer, it is folly to go further."

On my return, in the afternoon, I urged him to make another honest effort. We again repeated the prayer together until we reached the sentence, "Forgive us," etc., when he again paused, saying, "As an honest man, I cannot say that." He continued to grow worse.

Before leaving the prison in the evening, I called, and tried again to lead him in the repetition of the entire prayer, but met with results as before. The following day, several attempts were made to have him complete this prayer, but each failed because of his silence at the one point. This was his last day of life on earth. The following morning, as I entered the prison, a messenger informed me that I was wanted immediately at the hospital. On reaching it, the officer in charge said, "Mr. M. has been calling for you since midnight; he has been earnestly praying." I approached him, and he reached forth his hand, already cold, and, with a smile, said, "Chaplain, I can now pray all of that prayer. At three o'clock this morning, I

obtained the victory by leaving all with the Judge of all men, when I received for myself a complete pardon."

The change in him was noticeable, and was clearly recognized by quite a number within the hospital. He lingered for about one hour after I reached his bed, and then calmly fell into the embrace of death.

XIX.

"CAN GOD SAVE A POOR SINNER LIKE ME?"

Horace Brooks—Twenty-eight Years in Prison—He Becomes Penitent—Is Baptized—Expresses Hope—Laments the Indifference of Friends—D. L. Moody's Illustration.

ONE morning, when in the prison hospital visiting the sick and infirm, as I was passing through one of the wards, a feeble voice called to me. As I turned to respond, there stood, leaning upon the railing of a stairway, an old man, whom I recognized as Horace Brooks, who was serving a life sentence for derailing a train of cars on the Lake Shore Railway, by which the engineer lost his life. He had then served about twenty-eight years, and was a great sufferer from a cancer in his face. As I approached him, he said, "Chaplain, can God save a poor sinner like me?" I saw at once that he was sincere and greatly exercised about his future life, and answered his important inquiry with appropriate quotations from the Word of God. I offered a prayer in his behalf, and promised to see him again soon. On my return to the office, I sent him, marked, some appropriate reading-matter.

When I again called, he said: "I have read what you sent me. I conclude that this with me is 'the eleventh hour.' I find that Jesus gave assurance of acceptance and pardon, even at 'the eleventh hour,' but do you think this assurance is for an old hardened wretch like me?"

"Yes," I said; "Christ came to seek and to save that which was lost, even 'the chief of sinners.'"

He replied: "I was reared by Christian parents, and taught that Christ came to this world to save all who be-

lieve on him, but I am such a great sinner that I fear I am forsaken of God and man. May I yet believe and be saved?"

Answering him in the affirmative, I referred him to some special recorded word of inspiration, and gave him some appropriate tracts, offered a prayer for him, and assured him of an early return.

When I again met him, he was quite calm and wore an expression of satisfaction. As I approached him, he said: "I am now satisfied that Jesus saves a wretch like me. I now believe on him and realize that he saves me, *even me.*" He then requested baptism when convenient, and this request was subsequently granted.

From that time to the date of his death, which occurred several months later, he seemed reconciled and cheerful. When quite reduced, and compelled to take to his bed, on one occasion, as I approached him, he reached out his hand, saying, "I am resting easy to-day." I asked, "What is the burden of your thoughts to-day?" He replied, "I am wondering why my friends leave me alone; they do not write me." Then, with upturned eyes and index finger lifted, he faintly said, "One Friend sticks to me."

As an illustration of his subject, the evangelist D. L. Moody, when preaching from the text, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," most generally referred to this man, his crime, and his punishment.

XX.

JEALOUSY.

Mrs Ellen A. Athey—A Life Prisoner—Some Commendable Traits—Her Jealousy—took the Life of Guest—Confessed Her Guilt.



MRS. ELLEN ATHEY,

Who, in 1880, murdered Miss Mary E. Seneff, of Tuscarawas County, Ohio, and for which she was committed to the Ohio Penitentiary for life. While her trial in the court was in progress, and immediately after the prosecution had rested, she, with her babe in her arms, went upon the witness-stand and made a full confession of her guilt, claiming that the murder was the result of a quarrel between her and Miss Seneff, and not a premeditated act.

Evidently Mrs. Athey was endowed with some commendable qualities. She could manifest kindness and affection, she was industrious, a good housekeeper, and evi-

denced quite an interest in her family. She possessed more than the average intelligence. But to her a settled purpose, a steady, judicious course, and a well-disciplined will, were strangers. She was stubborn, self-willed, and soon angry. To her, revenge for a real or imaginary wrong seemed in order; but more, that worst of human foes, that green-eyed peace destroyer, jealousy, for which there seems no cure but death, continually kept kindled in her breast

"That fire of endless night,
Which ever burns, but gives no light."

With her it might have been different, would have been different, had she known herself better and governed her passions with a steady will.

XXI.

A POETICAL EPITAPH.

Description of Outgoing Chaplain—Ranting in Pulpit—A Brimstone Smell—Notice to Incoming Chaplain—Will Not Be Coerced.

ON assuming the duties of chaplain, the first written communication which reached me was evidently from a prisoner whose estimate of the retiring chaplain was at a discount, and whose suggestions might, with propriety, be heeded even by those outside of prison walls. It was, in part, as follows:

Beneath this slab, as fortune turns,
Rest the remains of Chaplain Burns.

Maybe he was of God's elect,
But still he had one bad defect.

* * * * *

One fault our worthy chaplain had—
He always preached as if he were mad.
In haste he 'd vent his smothered gall,
And many a vulgar word let fall.
With broadcast sweep he flung his ire,
With him 't was naught but smoke and fire,
Which gave our church, from base to bell,
A most offensive brimstone smell.

Who'e'r may be this man's successor,
Let him be doctor or professor,
Oh, do for Heaven's sake forbear;
Do not get mad, and rant, and rear.
You never can convert a villain
By forcing him when he 's unwilling;
You couldn't me, I 'll bet a shilling.

—Cole.

XXII.

A WISE CONCLUSION.

A Letter to the Chaplain—Wants to Change His Reading-Course—
Books as Aids to Bible Study—Would Know How to Resist
Temptation.

Chaplain.

DEAR SIR: Since we have fairly launched our barque upon the waves of another year, I have come to the conclusion to trouble you for your assistance at the *helm*. I desire to change my course of reading-matter, and I wish such books as are edifying and draw man in closer communion with his Maker. I find a Christian soul must be fed to increase strength to do battle with temptation. Like the body, it must receive food, or perish. I am fully aware the food consists of the Word of God; but how much better understood, and how delightful it is to have the directions and points of writers who are able to comprehend the whole. Now, I wish you would favor me with the choice of *your* books for the next six months. You can judge how long a book will last me and see what progress I will make in that time.

My greatest desire is to be a Christian, and I wish to lay the foundation within these walls, so that when I am called to go forth to meet trials and temptations I may know how to resist. I have yet two years to serve in this prison, and I can learn much in that time, if I have the right guiding. As you have read many works, you will be able to direct me.

Yours.

XXIII.

THE PRISONER'S REQUEST.

A Response to a Mother's Call for Her Boy—Weary of Roaming—
Memory's Refrain—A Favorite Among Criminals.

TAKE ME BACK TO HOME AND MOTHER.

TAKE me back to home and mother,
I am weary wandering here;
There can never be another spot
On earth that is so dear.
Tho' I roam 'mid scenes of splendor,
Yet my heart is filled with pain,
And a longing soft and tender
Whispers, "Take me home again."

Chorus.

Take me back to home and mother,
For my heart is filled with pain,
Take me back to home and mother,
Only take me back again.

Take me back to home and mother,
To the happy scenes of yore;
Friends of childhood, sister, brother,
Long to welcome me once more;
I can hear their voices ringing,
In sweet memory's refrain—
To the past my heart is clinging.
Only take me back again.

Take me back to home and mother,
Gentle words will greet me there,
For on earth there is no other
Kindness like a mother's care.
Life is but a dream of pleasure,
Sweetest hours must turn to pain.
Home is all I have to treasure,
Only take me back again.

XXIV.

ABOLISHMENT OF SIN.

(A letter to the Chaplain.)

What This World Would Be Like Were Sin Abolished—An Island
Imagined—Sacred Pictures on the Walls—Sin Debarred.

To the Chaplain.

Let us imagine a country afar off,—some island of the ocean,—where *sin* has never been known. There we would find the people intelligent, virtuous, temperate, and happy. We would find them enjoying a fruitful land, a healthy clime, a free government with wholesome laws. We would see written on every man's countenance faith, hope, and charity; their homes would be scenes of domestic happiness. . . . We might canvass that island from center to circumference, and not be able to find a *brewery* or *distillery*; not one court of justice, not one jail, penitentiary, insane asylum, or any other emblem of sin; nor would we see a monster palace of sin that stands with open doors and frosted windows, with red, white, and blue lamps in front as lights from the other world hurrying its trembling victims on to destruction; but we would see magnificent churches and temples of worship erected in their stead, and the spires would be so lofty that they would pierce the very clouds above them, and their silver balls would glisten and shine with such splendor that they could be seen for miles, and the interior of those churches would be lighted by rows of golden chandeliers, and their chains of precious jewels would sparkle like millions of dewdrops under a morning sunbeam; their altars would be frescoed with jasper, precious stones, and glittering diamonds. We would see hanging from their walls beautiful and costly paintings of Christ's Resurrection and Ascension, Mary at the Savior's Tomb, Christ's Last Supper with His Disciples, and many, many other emblems. . . . Then, were we to go to the wise men of this island, and tell them that we were advocates of sin, and wished to introduce it among them, with all its penalties, do you suppose that they would admit the destroyer? Would they not guard their shores against it, as they would against some pestilence? Would not the alarm be sounded throughout the island, and armies be raised to prevent its admission? I am sure there can be but one answer.

C. V. ADAMS.

XXV.

A MODEL LETTER FROM A HUSBAND TO A WIFE.

The Prison Compared to an Island—One Sex Only—The Larder—
The House—No Luxuries—No Roast Pig from a Cluster of
Sweet-Smelling Underbrush—Everybody Works—No Private
Property—Correspondence.

THE following, with a few erasures, is a true copy of the first letter of its author to his wife after his arrival in prison. In it are unmistakable marks of culture and superior ability in letter-writing, and evidences that the author was indeed quite a philosopher, capable of reasoning out the best from what seemed the worst possible situation. During his incarceration, quite a number of letters, much after the style of the first, were written by him. While to him the shame and imprisonment seemed almost unbearable, at no time did his anguish appear in his letters:

MY OWN DARLING WIFE: You doubtless remember Mallock's "Positivism on an Island," a sort of new "Paul and Virginia," with philosophy added to sentiment. I have journeyed to a land in some respects similar to that island. There is neither so much sentiment, nor is there so much philosophy here as there appears to have been there, nor is there such a proportionate distribution of sex. If I remember correctly, in that island of the mind dwelt two men and one woman. Here there dwells but one sex. The nearest approach to a woman that is to be seen in this detached land is the half-nude marble figure "Amphelæ" (a classic importation?) that adorns the lawn in front of the chapel. I am informed that nearby there lies an island similar to this one in all respects, except as to the sex of the inhabitants. I have not yet journeyed thither, and probably shall not.

While we are like the shipwrecked positivists in many respects, we are unlike them in many more. Our communication with all the outside world is as absolutely cut off as was theirs; our house was already built, like theirs; all provisions for our abode were

made prior to our arrival, like theirs. While our house is as durable and as warm as was the one on the island, it is neither so convenient nor sumptuously furnished; the larder here is not stocked with such a variety of the luxuries and delicacies of life as was that imaginary one—as a matter of fact, very few are; here no roast-pig runs out of a cluster of sweet-smelling underbrush and asks to be eaten, as is said to have been the case there. We have an abundance of "pig," but we have to cook it ourselves; that is, those of us who are detailed for that purpose. There birds and blossoms pleased the eye and gratified the senses; here I have not seen a single flower, and not a song-note of bird or man has reached my ear since my arrival.

The philosophy of this new land is decidedly utilitarian. Things are important and allowed only as they are useful. The æsthetic taste is sadly neglected in the individual. Here mankind is regarded as having but two missions in life, the one to work, and the other to sleep. Consequently, the day is divided as nearly as may be into two equal parts, the one moiety is spent in working at some useful employment, the other in sleep.

Everybody works here, works regularly, works continuously. There are almost all kinds of workmen, except farmers. There is no *use* for a farmer in this strange land, but there are to be found all classes of mechanics and artisans.

Being neither a mechanic nor an artisan, and being farmer-bred, you are no doubt anxious to know what I do in this new world of labor. I will tell you. I am transfer clerk and bookkeeper. My duties are to register all new arrivals, (our community, like the Shakers, is kept up by "proselyting" from the outside world,) note all "departures" or "desertions"; to provide "rooms" for the new "converts"; transfer his private property, never very much, from one room to another when any change is made in the work of the individual; to close up the room and take off the tab when an individual forsakes this little land and goes back to the world, to the insane asylum, or to death; to notify the various heads of departments when individuals are transferred to or from their care.

I know that you are anxious to hear respecting my "apartments," and I will here give you full details. It is hardly the exact thing to put in the plural that which is but single. My room is a corner room on the first floor in a brown-stone front, and on the principal thoroughfare. It is four feet and nine inches wide, seven feet and ten inches long, and between seven feet and seven inches, and eight feet and six inches in height; the ceiling is cylindrical, with half the cylinder carried away and the concave side placed downwards. It is furnished with a bed, bedstead, straw-tick, and all the necessary paraphernalia pertaining to a bed. There are none of the non-essentials, such as pillow-shams, bed-spreads, and the like.

Then, I have a book-rack, and a chair with three legs and no back. A gas-jet at the head of the bed furnishes an abundance of light, not a superabundance, like our Argand, when the sun fails in that important function. Then I have a water-pitcher and a bucket, the necessaries (rather the indispensables) of a bed-room set.

Goldsmith says:

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

Applied to this new world, the couplet of the impecunious poet is as true as when applied to the one with which you are so familiar, my darling. Yes, far truer. Few, I venture, dwell here who would not willingly abandon this utilitarian realm for the one they formerly knew, for the friends and the freedom they loved and enjoyed, so that what *little* we want here is not *wanted long*. Yet the terms of the "probation" of many are such that they are not permitted to go back to the world for many long, weary years, for the land where we dwell is very similar to the valley described by Surly Sam in his "Rasselas," in one respect at least. That valley, if I am not mistaken in my remembrance of childhood's reading, was completely walled in on all sides by rugged mountains that barred all egress. Here we are "cramped, cribbed, confined" to a small spot of earth, within equally inhospitable walls.

Were I in such a land as the island home of the positivists, or even in a land as extremely utilitarian as this one, with you, darling, if you were contented and happy, I should be supremely so; but I know you too well, your disposition, your refinement, your tastes, your yearnings, your desires, to suppose such a thing as your happiness under such circumstances and with such surroundings, yet I feel sure, love, that even here, with me, you could not be any more thoroughly miserable than you are at home, in the midst of kind and sympathizing friends, without me. It is indeed a cruel blow, and unmerited, but it must be endured. I have set my mind, arranged my feelings, to dwell here the allotted time.

Respecting my place and my work here, I have only to say that had I been fully acquainted with this land of seclusion before visiting its shores, and had I been granted the privilege of selecting the place most to my liking, I could not have hit upon one more entirely agreeable to me and adapted to my abilities—whatever they may be. I never was afraid of work, as you know.

This is truly a "new life" to me, but not the new life the Good Book tells us about, and not the new life we all desire. Yet, it furnishes me food for thought and characters for study. I shall be able to complete our new novel, "Henry Hurley," when I come home, and give the finishing touch to such villains as Mose Brau, Teddy Tullivan, and Will Huff with an exactness not otherwise possible. Every condition and position in life has its advantages

and disadvantages. I hope to be able to make this, our great trouble, yield fruit that shall contribute to our everlasting happiness. Rideing truly says that life is like a prism in the changing aspects which it has from different positions of sight, if not in the certainty of resultant beauty. This is certainly a standpoint that a person does not desire or care to look from more than once in a lifetime.

You cannot see me in my new home,—in my “apartments,”—but you can see me in the office. Ask to see me at the chaplain’s office; that is the best place. You can see me once in thirty days.

I cannot write often. The rule is that only *short* letters are to be written, but the chaplain has kindly consented to look over one longer than usual for me. I will write as often as I am allowed, *and always to you.*

May loving angels kindly guard thy pillow.

M.

XXVI.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

OF all poems ever written, there is no other which, with the delinquent, can take the place of the following pathetic inquiry of Robert Lowry, coming as from the crushed heart of a mother longing for some tidings from a wayward son :

WHERE IS MY BOY TO-NIGHT?

Where is my wand'ring boy to-night,
The boy of my tend'rest care,
The boy that was once my joy and light,
The child of my love and prayer?

Chorus.

Oh, where is my boy to-night?
Oh, where is my boy to-night?
My heart o'erflows, for I love him, he knows;
Oh, where is my boy to-night?

Once he was pure as morning dew,
As he knelt at his mother's knee;
No face so bright, no heart more true,
And none was so sweet as he.

Oh, could I see you now, my boy,
As fair as in olden time,
When prattle and smile made home a joy,
And life was a merry chime!

Go for my wand'ring boy to-night;
Go, search for him where you will;
But bring him to me with all his blight,
And tell him I love him still.

ILLUSTRATION.

The following story of a reckless young man suggests a possible comfort in the case of other erring loved ones, and quite appropriately illustrates the force of the poem :

A lady in Baltimore had a wayward son whose reckless conduct cost her many tears. There were many things in her life to make her happy, but her anxiety for her headstrong boy saddened all her enjoyments and disturbed her peace.

He grew more indifferent to her love, and finally left his home for a life of adventure in the West; but happiness did not come to him in his wild career, nor riches from his eager search in the mines. For a time the new freedom gratified him, but his restless spirit could not be contented even with that.

By some means, his mother kept track of his wanderings, and was able to send him messages of love, but they brought few or no replies. At a meeting in Baltimore, she heard the Rev. Robert Lowry's touching poem, that has been so often sung, and the words exactly uttered her own feelings:

"Where is my wand'ring boy to-night?" etc.

The weeping woman copied the verses, and sent them to her son in a letter. No word from him ever reached her in return. At last she lost all trace of him, not even knowing that he had received her message. Then, after weary waiting, tidings came, bitter tidings, strangely mingled with consolation.

Her "wandering boy" had fallen a victim to his restless passion. In some daring expedition on one of the Rocky Mountain trails, he had become separated from his party and lost. His body was found in a cave, where he had died of hunger and exhaustion. By his side was an unfinished letter to his mother. In it he craved for forgiveness, as he had already asked the forgiveness of Heaven. He had received the poem she sent him, he said, and it had melted his heart, and had led him to repentance.

XXVII.

A MOTHER'S CALL.

SECOND only to "Where Is My Boy To-Night?" it has turned many a wayward soul toward home, and started many, many penitent tears:

COME HOME, MY BOY.

O my boy, with anxious feeling,
Throbs my troubled heart for thee,
While I watch amid the gloaming,
For thy footsteps on the stairs;
But they come not! no, they come not!
And my sad forebodings tell,
As the deep'ning shades grow darker,
With thy soul it is not well.

Chorus.

Come! O come! what makes thee linger?
What allures thee thus to roam?
Mother's heart is almost breaking;
O my boy! come home, come home.

Think, my boy, 't was I who loved thee,
All thy helpless childhood years;
I who passed without a murmur,
Sleepless nights of care and tears.
Canst thou in my age forsake me,
Thou, my pride, my cradle joy?
Only God can ever love thee
As I love thee now, my boy.

In the window every evening,
Still I leave a light for thee;
And its beams so bright and cheerful
In the distance thou canst see.
Come, and tell me all thy wand'rings—
Lay thy burning cheek to mine,
While I whisper hope and comfort
From a Savior's Word divine.

One by one my sands are ebbing ;
Yes, my latest hours draw nigh,
Let these eyes once more behold thee,
Let me bless thee ere I die.
Oh ! thou wilt not now refuse me—
Come, my boy, no longer roam,
For my heart is almost breaking ;
O my boy ! come home, come home !

XXVIII.

A CONVICT TO HIS MOTHER.

I 'VE wandered far from thee, mother,
Far from my happy home;
I 've left the land that gave me birth,
In other lands to roam;
And time since then has rolled its years,
And marked them on my brow,
Yet I have often thought of thee—
I 'm thinking of thee now.

I 'm thinking of the day, mother,
When at thy tender side
You watched the dawning of my youth,
And kissed me in your pride;
Then brightly was my heart lit up
With hopes of future joy,
While your bright fancy honors wove
To deck your darling boy.

I 'm thinking of the day, mother,
When with such anxious care
You lifted up your heart to heaven—
Your hope, your trust, was there.
Fond memory brings thy passing words,
Whilst tears stole down thy cheek;
Thy long, last loving look told more
Than ever words could speak.

I 'm far away from thee, mother,
No friend is near me now
To soothe me with a tender word,
Or cool my burning brow.
The dearest ties affection wove
Are now all torn from me;
They left me when the trouble came;
They did not love like thee.

I 'm lonely and forsaken now,
Unpitied and unblest;
Yet, still, I would not have thee know
How sorely I 'm distressed.

I know you would not chide, mother,
You would not give me blame,
But soothe me with your gentle words,
And bid me hope again.

I would not have thee know, mother,
How brightest hopes decay;
The tempter with his baneful cup
Has dashed them all away;
And shame has left his venom sting
To rack with anguish wild—
Yet, still, I would not have thee know
The sorrows of thy child.

Oh! I have wandered far, mother,
Since I deserted thee,
And left thy trusting heart to break
Beyond the deep blue sea.
Oh, mother, still I love thee well,
And long to hear thee speak,
And feel again thy balmy breath
Upon my careworn cheek.

But, oh! there is a thought, mother,
Pervades my beating breast,
That thy freed spirit may have flown
To its eternal rest.
And while I wipe the tears away
There whispers in my ear
A voice that speaks of heaven and thee,
And bids me seek thee there.

XXIX.

SPECIAL TEMPERANCE SERVICE.

A Prisoner's Address—The Tidal Wave—A Temptation to Drink—
A Tender Caution—A Student—A Graduate—A Drunkard—A
Felon.

FOR two successive Sabbaths the time usually occupied for prayer-meetings and Sunday school was taken in the interest of temperance. Freedom was given to all to speak, and some most wonderful experiences were given. At the close of the second service, about three hundred, by uplifted hands, pledged entire abstinence in the future. In response to a special request, the following was given, for the delivery of which eighteen minutes were allowed:

THE TIDAL WAVE.

(A Temperance Address delivered to the convicts of the Ohio Penitentiary in the Prisoners' Prayer-Meeting, on Sunday, September 26, 1880, by Thomas H. Thomas, a five-years' convict from Cincinnati.)

If any of you have ever been in France, you may have observed the great number of fruit-trees that grow in that land. While the farmer has his orchards inclosed by the fences of his farm, there is, growing on the outside of these fences, along each side of the public roads, a continuous line of fruit-trees; and the fruit that grows on these trees is free, so that there is always an abundance of fruit, in season, for the poor, the stranger, or the traveler who may be passing through that land. This is in accordance with the law, which compels a man, when he eats any kind of fruit, to cover up the seed in the earth. So that when a man eats any fruit, as an apple or peach, he collects the seed in his hand, and, stepping off to one side of the road, he digs a hole with a stick or the toe of his boot, and into this hole he drops the seed. He then covers it up, tramps it lightly down, and goes on his way. Now, in doing this, he complies with the requirements of the law. After he deposits the seed in the ground, it may rot there, or, springing up a few inches or a foot, it may be kicked over or broken off by some passer-

by; but with all this he has nothing to do. He must cover the seed, and then he is free. There his duty ends.

In the city of Cincinnati, a few years ago, while a lady, a member of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, was passing along one of the principal streets, she saw, walking before her, two young men. They were well-dressed, well-educated, and, apparently, had been well-raised. They had not preceded her very far, until she discovered, by their loud and boisterous conversation, that they were both intoxicated; and, from their actions, she correctly judged that they were, at that time, in search of some convenient saloon.

Now, this lady was a Christian at work. She was one of those Christians who sow the seed of Christianity by the wayside, cover it up, and leave the rest to God's own great care. It might not bear fruit to reward her for her labor while she was on earth; but she cared not for all this—her part was to sow the seed.

Many a woman, seeing two drunken men before her, would have crossed to the opposite side of the street. Not so this woman. She was as sensitive and refined as any woman, but she had a work to do. She had partaken of the sweet fruits of temperance, faith, hope, charity, and love, and, exhaling the blessed fragrance at every breath, she was always in search of some favorable spot on which to drop the seed; and now her motherly heart went out in prayer and in pity for these two unfortunate young men; she longed for an opportunity to do them good, she longed for an opportunity to speak to them, and it came at last. Here was ground on which the seed might fall; hard and stony, it is true, yet with God's blessing might it not outgrow the thorns? She would at least try, and she got her seed ready.

The young men passed along the sidewalk before her, looking up at each house and sign, until, at length, they came to a saloon of rather more than ordinarily inviting appearance. Before this they halted. There was a green screen inside of the door; the long counter was topped with marble; gay pictures decorated the walls; a handsome oilcloth covered the floor; clean bottles and glasses were arranged neatly upon the shelves; the odor of fragrant liquors and cigars came from the door, and behind the bar stood the friendly proprietor, waiting to welcome with a smile all those who might favor him with a call. Now, right above the door of this saloon was painted the sign or title given to the house, by which it was known to its customers. It was composed of three short words,—an article, an adjective, and a noun,—“The Tidal Wave!” On the window of this saloon was painted a picture; it was the picture of a ship in full sail. Under the ship was the sea, and, swelling up on either side was a great wave, and below this picture was painted again, in large, gilt letters, the suggestive title of the saloon, “The Tidal Wave!” As the young men halted in front of

this saloon, one of them looked up, and, reading the sign, called out, loud enough for the lady to hear, "Hello, Charlie, here 's The Tidal Wave, let 's go in and get a drink." The words had scarcely left his lips when the lady was at his side, and, laying her hand upon his shoulder kindly, as a mother might have done, she said: "Yes, my young friend, that 's The Tidal Wave! It is the *tidal wave of rum*, and it sweeps more young men's souls into *perdition* every year than all the waves of the sea combined!"

One moment more, and she was gone. Her work was done. She had dropped the seed, and, departing with a prayer on her lips, she left the result to the great Gardener of the world. The young men stood upon the sidewalk until they saw the lady turn a corner of the street; and then—what did they do? Did they shake hands and separate, and say that that lady's words were true, and resolve that they would never drink another drop while they lived? No, they did nothing of the kind. They did just what any two drunken men would have done—they passed into the saloon. At first neither of them spoke. They had been taken by surprise, and seemed at a loss for something to say, until the polite and attentive bar-keeper called them to themselves by suggesting that no doubt they had come in there to "take a drink." The glasses were soon filled, and as they were about to lift them to their lips one of them, hesitatingly, said: "Charlie, I wish I had not seen that woman; I wish I had not heard her voice, for she puts me in mind of my mother, whom I have not thought of before for years, for that is just the way she used to talk to me before I left home, and that is just the reason why I left—because, you see, I drank a little, and mother was always talking about the evils of rum, rum, rum, until I could stand it no longer, so I packed up and left home, and I had forgotten all about my mother and her rum until that woman put me in mind of her." The other companion added something about it being time that women had learned to mind their own business and let men's affairs alone, and the matter was dropped. They swallowed their drinks, and before they staggered away from that saloon at a late hour that night they had drunken many times from the tidal wave of which that lady had so kindly warned them—"the tidal wave of *rum*, which sweeps more souls into perdition every year than all the waves of the sea combined."

Now, my friends, it is not my purpose, at this time, to pursue the history of each of the three individuals that I have already introduced to you. The lady was lost sight of at the first corner; and, in a few days after the event to which I have just adverted, the young men separated, and never again met. But it is my intention, at this time, to trace the history of the one whose career has been the most eventful, if not the most unfortunate of the three. It is the one to whom the lady addressed her plain but penetrating words; the one who had not thought of his mother for

years; the one who wished that he had not seen that woman; had not heard her voice; had never met with any person nor any circumstance to recall the reproaches of a mother who had once chided him for his errors,—one who had yearned over him with a mother's love; one who had smiled upon him with a mother's smiles; one who had wept over him with a mother's tears, until at last he left her, and then, even then, had followed him with a mother's prayers. This is the one, my friends, of whom I wish to speak to you for a few moments on the present occasion.

The young man that I have alluded to was the son of pious parents. He was brought up in the church and Sabbath school, and a happy future seemed to smile on his infancy. He was the youngest and petted one of the family, a mother's pride and a father's joy. He lived in luxury and affluence through boyhood's years, but at last as manhood began to dawn upon him, there came a change, a sad, eventful change, over his once happy household; for he had learned to look upon the wine when it is red, and when it gave its color in the cup, until, in the end, it bit like a serpent and stung him like an adder.

He afterward became a student of medicine; at another time a student of theology; and finally a graduate of one of the first colleges of our land, though his attainments did him but little good. As his whole after life was marred by indulgence in the intoxicating bowl, his whole history since has been one of misfortune and crime. And now, my friends, we will bring this young man to the city where he was first addressed by that dear woman who took so much interest in him—in him, an unknown stranger, simply because she was a Christian at heart, and a faithful, working member of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. And, having brought our subject here to Ohio, he seems to be almost near us, or even with us, on the present occasion, for he has often stood upon the same ground on which some of you have stood; he has often passed you in your daily walks upon the street; he has often engaged with some of you in conversation. Yes, and he has often drunk from that portion of the tidal wave which passes over the city of Columbus, sweeping its quota of souls into perdition; robbing mothers of their sons and wives of their husbands; making little children orphans, and filling the penitentiary with its victims.

Now, there seems to be such a close connection between the history of this young man and the prodigal of the Bible, such a coincidence of circumstances, as it were, that we may be pardoned for placing them side by side, and making the language of one apply to both. Soon after leaving college, he, like the prodigal, demanded of his father the portion of the goods that fell to him, and his father having divided with him his living, he took his journey into a far country, that is, to the city of Cincinnati, (it was far from his former home and the scenes of brighter days,) and there he

spent his substance in about the same manner as the prodigal had spent his—in riotous living. He had the division of his father's money in his pocket at the time he was addressed by the lady in front of the saloon. Oh! had he never entered it, never drunken another drop again, where might he have been standing to-day? There is no honorable position in society which he might not have been qualified to fill. But, no! He passed into the saloon, and her words were soon lost in the delirium of drink. They were soon forgotten in his revels with the demon rum! Forgotten, like the words of his mother, and not thought of again for years. Forgotten, till God, in his own good time, saw fit to recall them in a prison cell. They came back to him, and sank deep down into his heart like arrows of remorse penetrating the fountains of life.

At the time the lady spoke to him, he had nearly ten thousand dollars in his pocket, and in two years from that day he did not possess enough to purchase him his breakfast as he stood in front of a Vine Street restaurant, moneyless, hungry and without food. All gone inside of two years! Swept away by the tidal wave! But his money was not all spent in Cincinnati; Columbus, Chicago, and other cities were visited and did their part toward diminishing it. The tidal wave of rum is boundless in its course. It is not confined to any one locality or place.

When the day came on which he spent his last dollar, he was in St. Louis. He must have money, for he must have drink. So he went to a pawn-broker and secured \$100 on a handsome watch that had cost three times that amount. He returned to Chicago, and was a second time moneyless. Here he parted with his studs and other jewelry. The proceeds soon vanished, and he found himself without anything more of value on which to secure money, so he longed to return to Cincinnati, where he felt sure of a welcome by those through whose hands most of his money had departed. If he could only reach the Tidal Wave Saloon and some other of his former favorite resorts, surely he would be provided with drinks free for some time, until something better would turn up for him—fatal illusion! Let us see the end. He reached Cincinnati. He hastened to the Tidal Wave Saloon, but it had changed hands. The picture had been partly washed from the window. The floor was covered with dirt and cigar stumps. The bar was attended by a woman who seemed more anxious to secure money than to give it away. All was changed there but one thing, and that was the tidal wave of rum—it flowed on the same. More fiery and poisonous now, no doubt, since it had fallen to a lower grade of evil. He then visited a saloon on Central Avenue. Here he had spent hundreds of dollars in a month. Surely he would meet with favor there. He looked in. His heart beat fast. Oh, yes, that house was all the same, it had not changed. The proprietor was so glad to see him that he jumped clear over the counter

to greet and embrace him; but after a second look he stood back in surprise. No watch, no jewelry, no money! The clothing threadbare and soiled. "What," said he, "spent all your money?" "Yes," he replied, "I went West and got broke, so I thought I would come back and ask a little favor of those with whom I spent so much at first; and you know that I left a great deal of it with you." "Yes, I know you did, but you always got the worth of your money. Where is your watch?" "I sold it to a Jew at St. Louis." "You used to have some fine studs?" "Yes, I left them with a pawnbroker at Chicago." "Your trunks?" "Pawned in this city." "Have you nothing you can turn into money? Write to your friends." "No; I have spent my money, pawned my jewels, sold my clothing, and have nothing more to fall back on." "Well," said the cunning proprietor, "you are a fool to have got away with all you had; here is a pint of brandy, it is all I can do for you. You had best go to work, and as soon as you find times better you can come and pay me seventy-five cents for this drink."

The young man put the flask into his pocket and stepped into the street; alone in the world, with no friend but that bottle. There was nothing for him now but hard work, and he even found trouble in securing that. So, at length, having failed elsewhere, like the prodigal again, he joined himself to a citizen of the country, who sent him into his fields to feed swine—which was really a portion of the work he had to perform, for he was employed as a farm-hand, to feed stock, in the middle of winter, only a few miles from where we now stand. Now, some might ask why he did not follow his profession as a druggist. I have but one answer to give—he was a drunkard! Saloon-keepers and distillers want nothing to do with the drunkard. They meet him at the door with a smile. Always welcome him to their place of business, that is, while his money lasts; but when that is done he is sent adrift.

But, to return to our subject. He soon found that he was unfitted for the heavy work of the farm, and tried various other occupations, but all with the same result, for out of every dollar earned seventy-five cents of it went for rum. He might be deprived of food, but he would not be deprived of drink. In the meantime, he had very unwisely taken to himself a companion, one who was destined to be the sharer of his sorrows—joy, there was none in store for him. A loving wife now hung upon him for support, now clung to him for protection; but he could not support himself, let alone another. He could not protect himself against his one single enemy, rum; how, then, could he support or protect any one else? No, he was now as a blighted plantain, standing alone amidst the sandy desert, with nothing to smile or live beneath his care. His wife and dear ones must share his disgrace and suffer with him. He was no longer the bright, promising young man of six years before; he was a drunkard. And though, for a time, his wife clung

to him with all the tenacity of woman's devotion and love, she was unable to save him, powerless to redeem or rescue him; until at last, in an unguarded moment, when reason was partially dethroned, and his idol, rum, reigned instead, he committed an act, or series of acts, for which he was sent to the Ohio Penitentiary. There he became sober—the first time he had really been sober since leaving his father's roof six years before. In a prison cell! Oh, what horrors hung over him, what anguish possessed his soul, when he came to himself and realized all that had taken place! Then it was that the words of that dear woman came back to him. He recalled the whole scene as it had taken place in front of the saloon. In the darkness of midnight, as he sat in his lonely prison cell, on his hard and uncomfortable bed, awakened from a frightful dream, dimly at first, thread by thread, little by little, it returned to him. What was it that that woman called it? She said it was the tidal wave of rum. And what else? Something about men's souls. She said that it swept more souls, yes, more young men's souls into perdition every year than all the waves of the sea. And, oh, how true her words appeared to him then! It had not yet swept his soul into perdition, but it had swept his body into a prison cell. It was even worse than death to him. He was confined in a living tomb, and could he have seen his own natural grave one hundred feet deep, gladly would he have stepped into it and been covered up from the gaze of the world. "Man proposes, but God disposes," and so it was in this case. The words of the lady returned to him, and became as the balm of Gilead to his poor, breaking heart. He saw the cause of all his woe, and resolved on bended knee, before Heaven, that, by God's help, he would become a better man, and never drink another drop so long as he should live; and he will never break his word.

Now, my friends, I wish that I could bring all three of these persons here to-day and place them before you as they appeared in front of the Tidal Wave Saloon at that time, but I cannot do so. I cannot bring the lady here, for I never saw her before, nor have I seen her since. I cannot bring the two young men here, for, about two years ago, the one whom I called Charlie, while walking along the C., H. & D. track, near Cincinnati, with a pint flask of whisky in his pocket, was struck by a locomotive, and they gathered him up in fragments a mile along the rails; but it is my privilege to present to you the one of whom I have been speaking on the present occasion. He stands before you, dishonored and disgraced, it is true, soon to be cast back again on the world, to battle anew with the same temptations to which he once yielded so willingly; but, my friends, he stands before you to-day as a monument of God's unchanging love and exceeding great mercy. He has sinned and he has suffered; but knows that God has forgiven him, and "what God hath cleansed, let not man call unclean."

And now, I stand before you to-day as a warning, a lighthouse, as it were, on the sea of rum; no longer borne on the tidal wave, but having been shipwrecked and cast naked upon the rocks, having floated upon its red surface till I was almost near enough to look into the mouth of hell, I have at last returned from the painful voyage and stand before you to warn you of its dangers. If you were about to go on a journey to some unknown part of the world, and some one who had been there before you would come to you and say that he had nearly frozen to death; that he was for many days without food, and found it impossible to obtain any; that danger and death surrounded him on every hand, and that all the money in the world could not induce him to perform the journey a second time, what would you do? Would you go? No, not one of you. You would shrink back in horror at the prospect before you, and never again think of going. Now, my friends, I am just such a personage. On and on, farther and farther from the shores of earthly happiness; nearer and nearer to the death-line of destruction, until at last my frail bark was dashed upon the breakers; and it is only through God's mercy that I am alive and in the world to-day.

Have I spoken plainly enough, or is there any one here who fails to comprehend my meaning fully? To such I would add that I have been a drunkard. I have suffered all that a man could suffer and live. Once I was rich, but my money all went for rum. Once I was loved and respected by all who knew me, but whisky took away my character and caused me to be disgraced. Once I was a member of God's house, and superintendent of the Sabbath school, where I loved to hear the children singing praises to the Redeemer, but whisky made the songs of the bar-room and theater seem more melodious to me. Once I lived with a loving, affectionate wife, but whisky caused me to be parted from her, and thus robbed me of the dearest friend on earth. Once I was free and happy, but to-day I fill a convict's cell. Rum robbed me of my money. It robbed me of my character. It robbed me of my liberty. It robbed me of my wife, and almost laid me in a drunkard's grave.

XXX.

DRIVEN FROM HOME.

(NOTE—When Queen Prohibition extended her blessed scepter over the rum-cursed city of Wellsville, Ohio, a few months before my arrest, one of the saloon-keepers, whose place had been closed by the Prohibitory ordinance, moved just outside of the corporation limits and began business anew, with the following legend or motto painted above his door: "Driven From Home." A few days later he found the following touching lines pinned to his door:)

BY T. S.

WHAT! driven from home—can it really be,
In this great land of plenty and home of the free?
Come, answer me fairly, if this can be true,
Is 't the wife and the child of the drunkard, or *you*?

You seem well-provided, your bar-room is warm;
You have food, fire, and shelter from every storm,
While the cold blasts of winter seem piercing one thro'—
Then surely this motto, it cannot mean *you*!

Then look at your household,—your wife and your child,—
They are all warmly clad, while the storm rages wild;
On the child of the drunkard no stocking or shoe,
Made homeless and hungry thro' drink sold by *you*!

See yon poor mother, she is tired and weeping;
All swollen her eyelids, the clock striking two,
Still sewing for bread while her husband is sleeping,
Made stupid and senseless on drink sold by *you*!

Poor, tired fingers, oft pierced by the needles,
How glad would they rest, but her rent is long due;
Poor, tired limbs, ever aching, but, heedless,
She toils for the pittance that oft goes to *you*!

Once she was happy, and glad, and contented;
The smiles of her loved one each hour she knew;
Now broken-hearted, with husband demented,
On the verge of starvation thro' drink sold by *you*!

Ere drink had destroyed him and made him a demon,
He sought all her pathway with flowers to strew;
But rum changed his heart to a desert, inhuman,
With thistles and thorns where love's roses once grew!

Out on the hillside where willows are keeping
Kind watch o'er the graves of the dear ones she knew,
At midnight she steals to their mounds oft and weeping,
She longs for a bed by their side 'neath the dew!

There 's a wail from the poor-house, where widow and orphan
Lament the lost pleasures of life which they knew;
There 's a wail from the scaffold, the mad-house and prison—
"We were driven from home thro' drink sold by you!"

(NOTE.—One month later the saloon-keeper sold out and engaged in other business. These facts can be attested by any citizen of Wellsville, Ohio.—THE AUTHOR.)

XXXI.

MERCY SOUGHT AND OBTAINED.

JOSEPHINE THOMAS, who said she was a governess, was arrested for being drunk and disorderly. The day following, Justice Morgan sent her to the workhouse for three months. Shortly after, the justice received from her the following:

TO JUSTICE MORGAN.

Now, honored judge, these lines I send;
The freedom please excuse,
And kindly list to what I say,
Nor my request refuse.

The time has been in Blackwell's Isle
To me of shame and pain;
Yet I would lead a better life,
Were I but free again.

I know that I've been in the wrong,
My faults I do deplore;
Remember One who once hath said,
"Arise and sin no more."

It is the first time in my life
Committed I have been;
A lesson I will take to heart
From the victims here I've seen.

There is a saying very old,
"To mend it 's ne'er too late."
Will you to me grant clemency,
My sentence mitigate?

When you yourself will stand
Before the Judge of all,
May he to you forgiving be,
For mercy hear you call!

And when these lines you have read o'er,
To mercy, judge, incline;
To err, you know, is human,
But to forgive, divine.

Justice Morgan was so struck by this appeal, that he at once sent her a discharge. Miss Thomas returned the following acknowledgment to the merciful justice:

TO JUSTICE MORGAN.

Oh! I have good news to-day,
My joy I can't restrain,
You 've kindly granted my request,
I have not asked in vain.

But words from me are all too weak
My gratitude to tell;
I 'll prove it by my future life,
When I leave my prison cell.

And once again, kind judge, accept
Most heartfelt thanks from me,
For you have mercy shown indeed,
Since you have set me free.

—*New York Reporter.*

XXXII.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS OF PRISONERS AND
THEIR FRIENDS.

A Prisoner on Death of His Mother—A Husband to His Wife after Notice of the Death of His Mother—A Brother Within to a Brother Without—A Young Man to His Mother—Husband Urges Wife to Educate the Children—A Mother in Germany to the Chaplain in Behalf of Son—A Mother in England to the Chaplain about a Son—A Prisoner to the Governor in Plea for Pardon.

A UNITED STATES prisoner, on receipt of a notice of the death of his mother, wrote to his wife: "I would be a happy man to-night if I could lay my hand on my heart and say, I have never done anything to cause her pain and sorrow. There must be some consolation to that person who, in mind and heart, can go to friends when dead and say, 'I have always done right by them.'"

S. P. B., Cincinnati, Ohio, said to his wife on the death of his mother: "I know mother's last, dying thoughts were with me, and I would rather possess her forgiveness and blessing than live in a palace without them." Touching her funeral: "I wish my feelings to repose within my own breast, and the charity of silence touching my name is all I ask."

From a brother within to a brother without the prison:

"Often into folly straying,
O my mother, how we grieved her!
Oft I heard her for me praying,
Till the gushing tears relieved her,
And she quietly raised and smiled,
Saying, "God will keep my child."

From a young man to his mother, who had previously, in a letter to him, said, "My heart refuses to pray for those who were the means of your trouble." He replied: "Bless them that curse you, and pray for them that despitefully use you. He who cannot forgive breaks down the bridge over which he must cross."

A husband urges his wife to educate the children, and says: "How sadly I neglected my education, and how different it would have been with me now, if I had devoted all leisure hours to the attainment of useful knowledge."

A mother residing in Germany, in behalf of her son, but a boy, to the chaplain, said: "We kindly urge you to stand by our son, and do him all the good you can. We fear that our poor boy will die in prison. Tell him that, notwithstanding he wandered from his home and forsook his parents, we love him still."

From a mother in England, in the interest of her son: "I thank you for the interest you have taken in my poor boy. Your letter has given me great comfort. Do you really think my poor, misguided son is penitent? Unless he is, it would cause me more great trouble, if I were to bring him home, and perhaps greater trouble to himself. I am greatly troubled about him. Nothing would give me more pleasure than to be sure that he has changed for the better. His father will do nothing for him."

To the Governor of Ohio, in a plea for pardon, a prisoner says:

"Like a sparrow alone on a housetop,
Like an island isolated at sea,
In life's great ocean but one drop,
While breakers are dashing o'er me.
Alone, without money or friends
Upon life's ladder, knocked from the top,
I beseech thee, O head of Ohio,
Please order my service to stop."

XXXIII.

A PLEA AGAINST CAPITAL PUNISHMENT BY A CRIMINAL.

Cain Feared God—However Heinous Cain's Diabolical Crime May Have Been, God Showed Him Mercy—Capital Punishment a Sure Relic of Ancient Mythology.

HISTORY puts Cain upon record as being the first murderer, but did God say, "Thou heinous villain, thou shalt die an awful death"? No, not by any means—Cain feared God. Yet, however heinous and diabolical Cain's crime may have been, God showed him mercy, as is recorded in Genesis 4:15, "And the Lord said unto him, Therefore whosoever slayeth Cain, vengeance shall be taken on him sevenfold." Capital punishment is a sure relic of barbarism handed down to us by believers in the ancient mythology. Death has been inflicted in many curious ways in all ages, some by stoning, as was Achan, who stole an ingot of gold, Socrates by poison, some at the stake, others by shooting, some upon the cross, as did our Lord die the physical death.

In most all ages there has been a so-called effort put forth in behalf of a more humane system that would send the soul of the condemned to the presence of his Maker in an easy way in the eyes of the living, but that way might be the most cruel to him that is waiting his last summons to leave this world at an untimely time.

The question arises, Is capital punishment a necessity? If so, how do the several States in our Union get along without it? If you will notice, the percentage of murders is greater in States where capital punishment exists than in States where it does not exist. This is a strong plea in behalf of its abolishment.

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XXXIV.

FATHER 'S A CONVICT AND MOTHER IS DEAD.

(NOTE.—While a private watchman in one of our larger cities was making his midnight round, a few months ago, he stumbled over the prostrate form of a little girl, who was sleeping in a hallway. On being questioned about her home, she said she had none; that her father was a convict and her mother was dead.)

OUT in the stormy night sadly I roam,
I have no father, no mother, no home;
No one to love me, and they who pass by
Push me aside when I venture too nigh!
Tired and hungry I 've wandered all day,
Asking for work, but I 'm "Too small," they say;
Down in some hallway I 'll now lay my head,
Father 's a convict and mother is dead.

We were so happy when father was free,
Poor little baby and mother and me;
Troubles came fast when they took him away,
Baby and I oft too hungry to play.
Slowly they faded, and, one stormy night,
I found both their faces all silent and white;
Then, with the tears falling, slowly I said,
Father 's a convict and mother is dead.

Oh, if the judge could have seen mother's tears
After his sentence of seven long years!
No food and no fire, she wasted away,
Too sickly to work and too wretched to pray!
Now I 'm alone—God of pity, look down!
Or soon I may be like the girls of the town;
No one to help me, I beg for my bread,
Father 's a convict and mother is dead.

—T. S., O. P.

XXXV.

THANKSGIVING IN PRISON.

THE exercises on special occasions in prison chapels are usually quite interesting and helpful. Here is a brief account of a Thanksgiving service in the Ohio Penitentiary in 1881:

The exercises consisted of singing, reading, and speeches. After the introductory services, the chaplain read the proclamation of the President and the Governor, and remarked that they referred to the prisoners as well as to others. He spoke of affairs at the prison in general, and then introduced Governor Foster.

Governor Foster, in his address, said that his view of the case was that these men had reason to be thankful that prison life is not now what it was a century or more ago, when prison officials seemed to act as though it were their duty to make the prisoners as miserable as possible.

The Governor said he had not issued as many pardons as some of his predecessors. Imprisonment, in his judgment, is not inflicted so much for punishment of the individual as it is for admonition to others. He described the legal proceedings necessary to application for pardon. His rule was to believe that the courts had not erred, but when convinced that injustice had been done, he granted pardon. He was pressed by mothers, day after day, to pardon their sons. He had yet to find the first mother who did not claim her son was innocent. "How do you know?" he would ask. "Why, he told me so," was always the reply. "As long as your mother lives," said the Governor, with more touching emphasis in his voice than usual on the

rostrum, "you have one friend you can count upon." He then spoke of devotion of wives, and said: "I suspect you men would hardly be as loyal to your wives as they are to you. Sisters are almost as loyal to brothers as mothers to sons." During this portion of the Governor's talk, men in the audience were observed choking back emotion. The Governor was received with every manifestation of great pleasure.

Time being allowed for remarks from the prisoners, some five or six spoke, and a set of resolutions, appropriate to the occasion, drafted by Isadore Roskopf, of Cleveland, was adopted by a standing vote.

The most marked feature of the day was the issue of pardons to Isadore Roskopf and Doctor Hull.

OUR THANKSGIVING.

By a Prisoner.

The law expounded and made clear,
Was what they wished to know;
But, after all, we're led to fear,
To some 't was quite a blow.

The chaplain, in his usual way,
Explained the word "present,"
Though on the program all the while,
No one knew what it meant.

He said the Governor would tell
Roskopf why it was there,
While Mrs. Thomas might as well
Give Dr. Hull a scare.

My story now I think is done;
They each received a pardon—
Nor happier men lived under sun
Since Adam left the garden.

Some resolutions then were passed,
(By prisoners presented,)
Which told of troubles in the past,
And how they had repented.

XXXVI.

PARDON SCENE.

A Wife, with Others, Calls at Chaplain's Office—Holds a Pardon for Her Husband—Husband and Wife Meet—Pardon Presented—Wife Offers a Prayer—The Prayer.

ONE afternoon, accompanied by a neighbor lady, Mrs. R., the wife of Mr. R., a prisoner from Sidney, Ohio, entered my office, followed by Warden Thomas, Clerk DeBruin, and my wife. Mrs. R. held in her hand a certificate of pardon which she had just obtained from Governor Foster, and asked that she might see her husband. He was immediately sent for, and the entire party invited into my consultation room. On the arrival of the prisoner, his wife, without a sign of emotion, affectionately greeted him, inquired about his health, and asked if he were reconciled to his lot. Then, addressing him, she said: "Husband, I bring to you a pardon from the Governor." Handing him the coveted document, she continued: "This will release you from this prison, and enable you to return with me to our home and family. You, however, greatly need another pardon, which may bring you into peaceful relations with the King of kings and secure for you the needful strength to withstand the evil forces by which you were, in the past, overcome." Then kneeling at his side, she offered the following prayer: "O dear Savior, I thank thee for what I am permitted to realize this day. For months past, in deep sorrow, I have been pleading with thee for help; now my prayers are turned to praises. For months, only thou knowest how much sorrow I have endured, and how often it seemed that I and my children

would come to want; but thou didst sustain us. Oh, I thank thee that in my efforts to secure this pardon for my dear husband thou didst help me, and thou didst influence the mind of Governor Foster to grant to us this day his freedom. Now, dear Savior, touch the heart of my husband. Grant to him full pardon of all his sins, and make him a Christian indeed, so that he may never again be led astray, and so that in the future we may live together in peace and love."

XXXVII.

ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD—JULY, 1881.

PRIOR to Sabbath, July 3, 1881, and Monday, the 4th, arrangements were made for special services appropriate to the date. The sudden shock produced by the attempted assassination of the President, and the deep sorrow occasioned thereby, necessarily caused a change in the program, so as to appropriately recognize the national calamity. At half-past eight on Sabbath morning, both the members of the prayer-meeting society and the Sunday school were gathered into the chapel, and a general speaking-meeting was held, in which officers, visitors, and prisoners participated. Quite a number of prisoners referred in touching words to their love for their country, and sorrow because of the sad events of the hour. One life-man said: "I bear testimony against the notion that the eagle, or ensign of liberty never settles in a prison. I still love my country. I still cherish the word 'liberty,' even here. I think I receive benefits and feel the good influence of it. I am not a praying man; but by the chaplain's permission I will offer one prayer." Lifting his hands, he said, "O Lord, preserve the life of our President."

At the preaching hour all available space for visitors and members of the board of directors was occupied, and most of the officers were present. In the opening prayer, a plea for consolation to the nation, succor to the family of the President, and recovery for the Chief Executive elicited some hearty amens.

Later, after the death of President Garfield, a memorial service was held in the prison chapel, when a prisoner sub-

mitted a resolution expressing the sentiment of the prisoners, which, by a standing vote, was unanimously adopted. For resolution, see Chapter VIII.

XXXVIII.

A PECULIAR COLLECTION.

FROM the newspapers which the inmates of the Ohio penitentiary were permitted to receive and read, they were made familiar with reports relating to the destitution and consequent suffering of people from the effects of fires in Michigan. On Sabbath, in the regular morning prayer-meeting reference was made in some remarks by the prisoners to this, and a desire expressed that they be permitted to contribute something for relief. Again on the following Sabbath remarks were made with reference to this, and again the desire was expressed that the inmates of the institution be permitted to give something toward relief. A suggestion was made by one that they might deny themselves at least their weekly rations of tobacco, and give the value thereof for this purpose. This was briefly discussed by them, and there seemed to be a general desire for this privilege. Warden Thomas, a noble-hearted, Christian man, being present, said to them, "I have heard your talk about this matter with much interest. When you began to talk I wondered what you had that you could give. I know your weekly allowance for tobacco is yours, and while I would not solicit you to give it, or anything else, I would not deny you the privilege of giving to this cause, if you generally express a desire to do so." When the entire number of prisoners were seated in the chapel for preaching, the warden stated to them what propositions had been made in the prayer-meeting, and suggested that all present who desired to give their rations of tobacco this week should raise their hands. A unanimous uplifting of hands

was the result, which made me say, "I never saw it so in Israel." They were then informed that their contributions would be received at the chaplain's office during the week, and that only such as desired to contribute should give.

This unsolicited collection was received, and the results were both amusing and gratifying. Here is the collection just as it came to the office of the chaplain: Six hundred and sixty-four rations of tobacco, sold for \$33.54; one inlaid box made in prison, sold for \$5; six small rustic frames, four tooth-picks, one chain, one hair-chain, one revised New Testament, one spectacle-case, two pairs of socks, two towels, one old watch, tidy-edging and needlework, sold for \$5.05; cash from private funds, \$48.67; special from Hayden's shop, \$16. Total, \$108.26. Of the above amount about \$6.50 was given by the women. The amount was forwarded to Ex-Governor Baldwin, Detroit, Michigan, with the request that it be placed to the credit of the prisoners in the Ohio penitentiary as an expression of their sympathy with suffering humanity. In due time it was acknowledged.

Of all the collections ever taken by the writer he has never witnessed such general manifestations of a longing to give, nor such extensive giving according to ability, as in this case. Truly it may be said, "They gave all they had." Many of them did without tobacco entirely for a week, while quite a number were by this impressed to abandon entirely the use of tobacco.

With the contributions I received quite a number of communications, which were significant, from a few of which I give some extracts:

CHAPLAIN: I give my plug of tobacco with a free heart; would give more if it laid in my power.

SIR: This is a small gift, but God knows I give it with the same spirit that moved the woman who gave two mites.

DEAR CHAPLAIN: The Lord bless this poor gift and all who suffer. O God, bless my own dear family.

I am willing to give my tobacco, not only for one week, but for six months.

CHAPLAIN: I am anxious to add a mite to aid the sufferers. Would be willing to work extra time if the benefit thereof could go to them.

Here is my gift. "Who hath this world's goods and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?"

Here is my mite—accept it, please;
I 'm sure it is worth something;
It 's better far than half as much
And twice as good as nothing.

The following, which I give in full, accompanied the gift of a young man, of a good family, an Israelite:

Dear Chaplain.

Men, who for sins committed, in prison penance do.
Convicts though they are, their hearts are large and true.
See how quick the appeal is answered when suffering needs their
aid,
How quick to show their sympathy when once a call is made.

Even they, the rough and sinful, still show they have a soul;
Though suffering and hardened, you may see the tear-drop roll;
Perhaps some thought of mothers, and happy by-gone days,
Like a golden fitful shadow o'er their memory plays.

They have known the anguish of a heart that 's crushed and
bruised;
They have felt repentance, while over sins they mused.
Perhaps you think they 're hardened to whisperings so mild,
But remember that not long ago they, too, were called "my child."

What matter if they formerly took part in sin and strife?
Only a little faith is needed to gain eternal life.
What matter if they formerly the Word did not believe;
They know that in repenting His love they will receive.

Now tell it to the outside world, for they must also know
That some of us are trying for a new harvest now to sow.
Oh, let the crop be golden, blessed with God's holy love,
So when we leave this earthly home go to that one above.

J. R.

XXXIX.

A BOOK ORDER.

Turns Poet—Wants Sensational Reading-Matter—Obtains the
Opposite—Answer by the Chaplain.

At the Ohio penitentiary quite a good library is maintained for the benefit of prisoners, under the supervision of the chaplain. While I was serving in that capacity, the library was thoroughly revised, all objectionable matter cast out, and a complete catalogue provided. Each prisoner is furnished with a catalogue of the library, which also contains rules for its government. With it are furnished blank orders, on which may be drawn weekly such books as suit best the wants of prisoners.

Soon after this revision, quite a number of amusing and suggestive notes accompanied the orders, one of which was as follows:

Chaplain:

2. F. 34

Please send me a book wherein the sage
Commits a murder on every page,
And where the suicides are dispersed
Throughout the book in charming verse.
If any such are in your possession,
Pray send me one, or make confession
That it is against the rule of the institution
To make of such books further distribution.

WILSON.

A book was sent him, but not according to order, and with it my answer, somewhat after the fashion of his order, namely:

Sir:

2. F. 34

The book you ask is against our rule,
Though it you used in other school,
Till, ere in here, enough was known

To fix your fate by far too soon.
I therefore send you other verse,
With sincere hope you 'll grow no worse,
But upward rise on thoughts sublime,
And with good sage the sun outshine.

XL.

A PATHETIC SCENE IN ARKANSAS PENITENTIARY.

Dime Novel Curse—A Young Man of Twenty-Three Weeps Bitterly—Dies of a Broken Heart.

IN the penitentiary at Little Rock, Arkansas, a young man, twenty-three years old, one of the train robbers who was sentenced to seventy years' imprisonment, complained of being ill, and was sent to the hospital. He appeared to be suffering from no disease, but his pulse was up to one hundred and forty. His heart seemed to be breaking on account of the severity of his sentence. Tears fell from his eyes as he thought of the long years of imprisonment before him. His mind began to wander, and, in his ravings, he quoted sentences from the pernicious literature which had led him into his life of lawlessness.

"Seizing the bridle-rein," cried the sufferer, "he sprang upon his antagonist's horse and dashed away." "Halt!" he exclaimed, "drawing a revolver and leveling it at the head of young Horace." "Slowly and sadly," he continued, in a subdued voice, "they left the church and walked along the well-worn path to the rude grave of Lawrence. Standing near the stone, placed there by the Indian, Casper and his fair companion"—

Here his mutterings became inaudible, and his voice died away in a groan. Suddenly he raised himself, looked intently toward the door, and sank back, *dead of a broken heart.*

XLI.

A RESIGNATION.

A PRISONER, who for some months assisted in the library under my direction, on the eve of his departure at the expiration of his term handed me the following :

To Our Worthy Chaplain.

After a period of more than one year devoted to faithful service in a position I now occupy, having sacrificed personal interests, alienated myself from my family and friends, and endured privation and hardships in order to promote the public good and secure to my fellow-man an increased degree of safety and security in the enjoyment of his earthly possessions, I now feel justified in tendering my final resignation, not alone as a faithful librarian, but as an inmate of the institution, wishing to "step down and out" in the fullest sense of the term.

This step is not prematurely taken; for from the first I was more than willing to decline the position, but the influence of others outweighed my opposition, and, regardless of my own feelings on the subject, I was forced into public life. But private business long neglected now demands my personal and undivided attention, and for these reasons I beg the acceptance of my resignation.

In retiring from public service, "through your kind intercession," I leave an unsullied record, and am consoled with the knowledge that the duties performed by me have, over and above my remuneration, been a source of revenue to the State.

Hoping that my successor may be a worthy one, and that the public interests will not suffer in his hands, I have the honor to be

Your humble servant,

OSCAR N. DUDLEY.

XLIII.

THE LAST GREETING.

THIS was handed to the chaplain at the time of expiration of its author's time :

Adieu, heavy walls, sad realm of despair,
Detached isolation of sorrow and care;
In thy sequestered bounds these seven years long
I've been plodding and toiling, and weaving my song;
But now ever more my thralldom is past,
And swept 'neath the wave by oblivion's blast.
Oh, welcome, thrice welcome my happy release,
When waiting and lingering forever shall cease;
I'll away to the fields where the cool zephyrs blow,
And hyacinths, daisies, and daffodils grow;
Once more on my brain to reimage their form
As the sun paints his beams on the wings of the storm.
Though naught can avail to restrain the glad hour,
When once I caroled in my Elysian bower
Where the deep-tangled pinewood o'erarched the bright stream
And veiled my retreat from the sun's scorching beam:
On that landscape serene 't will be rapture to gaze
And review the bright scenes of my halcyon days.

I'll away to my mother; but, ah, I'm afraid
That down in the churchyard a corpse she's been laid.
If so, to her grave I will straightway repair,
And write her a tribute while I moan in despair.
I'll go to my brother who scoffs at my name
Because his escutcheon I've tarnished with shame.
His pride I have wounded and pierced to the core;
But I'll go and try woo him to love as of yore.
I'll away to my sister that lives by the glade,
Where together in childhood oft-times we have played,
And strayed through the wildwood that skirted the farm,
Or played hide-and-go-seek in my grandfather's barn.

Farewell, my companions, who with me have shared
The toils and privations—alike we have shared.
Ah! what would I give without stint or compare

To have you go with me, my freedom to share;
But alas and alack! with time and the tide,
'T is the fiat of heaven that man must abide.
Be constant in duties, hopeful and brave,
With Christ for the pilot, go battle the wave;
Labor on, journey on, though in anguish and grief,
Till a beacon from heaven shall signal relief.

Farewell, executives, I bid you adieu;
And a word of advice I 'll venture to you,
Ye, whom it is given the scepter to wield,
Write peace on your banners and love on your shield;
And the Father who sees it most surely will heed
Your challenge of mercy, and perfect your deed.

Farewell! oh, farewell! once more I exclaim,
Ere I 'm wafted away from the portals of shame
To my ancestral home where the mountains and skies
Keep good-night, and blue lines in the distance arise;
Then 'neath the green turf where the myrtle-tree blows
Let my bones and my ashes in silence repose.

—*Henry Cole (on leaving the prison).*

XLIII.

A POOR CONVICT.

(Written by a prisoner in his cell.)

In my lonely cell I 'm thinking
And of melancholy drinking,
Wrapped in deep and earnest thought
Of temptation's evils wrought.
As I sit and meditate
On my sad and wretched fate,
Like a flash my mind reverts
To a fact that pains and hurts,
Fills my heart with saddest grief,
Knowing that old friends are deaf—
To my pleadings while in fetters,
They neglect to me write letters.
Oh! hush, heart, and cease thy weeping,
Bright thoughts in my mind are creeping;
If old friends decline to write,
Let us not brood o'er the slight;
If they know the joy we feel
When we break a letter seal,
They would not regard our fetters,
But send often cheering letters.

XLIV.

HE HAS FOUND SOMETHING BETTER IN THE HOLY BIBLE,
WHICH IS COMFORTING TO HIS SIN-SICK SOUL.

I HAVE recently discovered that as long as a poor out-cast and convict is permitted to have in his possession a Bible and will ask for understanding as he reads the blessed promises from the One who gave them, he will find peace, joy, and happiness. If he accepts this friend and forsakes his sins words cannot describe the greatness of the change from sin to a godly life.—31453.

XLV.

POWER OF INFLUENCE.

Meditating in His Cell—An Insect Gives a Lesson in Perseverance—Overcomes—Will Force.

ONE morning I received a note from a prisoner, saying:

I am here on a second term. I now feel a great need of reformation, and have decided to try it. Y. P. W., 14321.

When convenient, I sent for him. In an interview he said: "On last Sunday, while in my cell, I was thinking over my past life and wondering if it were possible for me to recover myself and be a man, after having gone so far in sin and crime. Just then my attention was attracted to a small insect, with long legs, and a body about the size of a grain of wheat, commonly called 'granddaddy.' I watched it, and soon discovered that it aimed for a crevice at a point where the wall and ceiling joined, and which could only be reached by scaling the wall. At this it made an attempt, but soon fell back to the floor. It repeated the attempt, and again fell back. Again and again it repeated its efforts to gain its desired seclusion. Sometimes it almost reached the point, then fell back. Finally the twenty-third effort proved successful, and the little creature hied away. Then I said, 'If this insignificant insect, whose life is only for a few weeks and liable to be crushed out at any moment will make such a determined effort to gain its point, why not I? If it can surmount seemingly insurmountable difficulties, why may not I?' I then resolved to try, and said, 'By the help of God I can and I will succeed.'"

Prior to this, prison officials were almost constantly reporting this man for violating prison rules, but subsequently his record stood clear. Soon thereafter he made a public confession, was baptized, and became a regular attendant at the special religious services. Since the expiration of his term and his discharge, I have received one visit from him, and have repeatedly heard from him. Last reports said that he was a commercial traveler for an important firm, and faithful to his vows.

QUESTION.

If a little insect can unconsciously exercise so much influence over a man, what may not man do for man, if he will?

XLVI.

SOURCES OF DEGENERACY.

Abnormality of the Race—Anomaly—Alarming Tendency Youthward—Proportion of Women to Men—Why More Men Than Women Criminals—Conventional Ideas—Dr. P. Despine's Views—Conscience—Generous Sentiments—Dr. E. C. Wine's Observations.

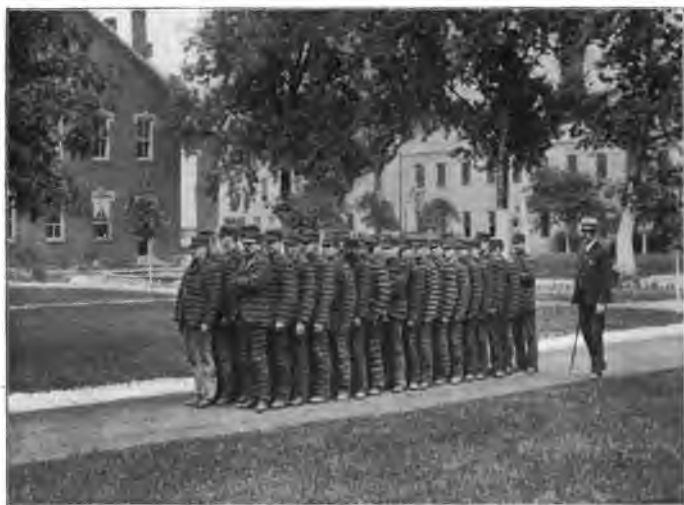
PHILOSOPHERS in their pride of knowledge may disdain and stigmatize as an offspring of theological dogma the statement that the whole race has lapsed from original righteousness, and that in this particular sense the soul is in an abnormal state. It is, nevertheless, a fact proclaimed by the Word of God and demonstrated on every page of human history.

Isaac Watts, in his muse on man, two centuries ago, only voiced in rhyme what others before him recognized as truth, namely,

"Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts his race and taints us all."

To this abnormal state may be traced the prime cause of criminal life. In this book, however, when the term "abnormal" is used it must not be understood as having reference to the lapsed state of man from original purity, but rather that of an anomaly, or exception to the rule.

Crime is largely the outgrowth of vicious social influences. The history of criminals shows that some come from most excellent families; also, that some highly respected and honorable citizens have had criminal ances-



THE LOCK-STEP.

This is the usual mode of marching. The above illustration shows a company in halting attitude for marching.

tors. There is an alarming tendency of crime youthward. More than twenty per cent. of the inmates of our State prisons are boys from twenty years downward, while a large per cent. are between twenty and thirty years of age. According to Doctor Christison, in his book entitled, "Crime and Criminals," published in 1897, the proportion of criminal women to criminal men is, in France, one woman to four men; in England, one to five; and in the United States, one to twelve. This estimate was certainly not based on the records of our penitentiaries alone, for in the United States the records will show an approximate of about one woman to forty-eight men; this proportion, however, greatly changes when we consult the records in the reformatories for the younger classes, which in some cases will show one delinquent girl to three delinquent boys.

Why the proportion of women to men in our penal institutions is so small, is a problem not easily solved. I submit, Is it because courts of justice exercise more mercy and greater leniency toward women, or are the women less inclined to criminal acts? Statistics, in part, seem to throw some light on this problem. The indication is "that as woman encroaches upon man's sphere she becomes more liable to criminal acts. In the Baltic provinces of Russia, where women commonly share the occupations of men, their delinquencies are particularly numerous, whereas in Spain, where women are much more domestic, crime is very small."—*Doctor Christison*.

There obtains, however, a conventional idea which finds recognition in all avenues of society, the support of some scientists and religionists, and which is the foundation of the criminal's apology for his conduct and his reasonings against efforts to reform. It finds vent in expressions like these, "It is constitutional with him," "It is inherent; he

was born so." While I readily grant that there are among criminals some whose criminal propensities are traceable to inherent causes, I cannot admit that this is universally so, or that the majority of criminals are such because of inherent propensities.

Dr. E. C. Wine, in "State of Prisons," pages 642 and 643, quotes freely Dr. P. Despine, an eminent physician and philosopher of France. From these quotations, as worthy of consideration and directly to the point, we extract the following:

"Although many criminals are as scantily endowed with intellectual as with moral faculties, it is not the lack of intelligence which is the distinctive character of these dangerous beings, for there are among them persons of great intelligence, capable of forming ingenious combinations which are the product, necessarily, of strong, reflective faculties. . . .

"In studying criminals, the first thing which strikes us, and which is obvious to all, is the perversity of criminal thoughts and desires, inspired by the evil inclinations and vices inherent in mankind, but more emphasized in criminals than other men. It is violent passion, hate, revenge, jealousy, envy; it is also other passions which, without being violent, are no less tenacious in criminals, such as cupidity, the love of pleasure, profound repugnance to a regular life, and an intense dislike of labor. It is these last two mentioned vices, especially, that impel criminals to seek the means of satisfying the material wants of life and the enjoyment which they crave, not in honest toil, but in readier ways which are immoral and hateful—in theft, arson, and murder. These qualities are manifest in criminals to the eyes of all. But these malign passions, these immoral propensities and desires do not really constitute an abnormal psychical state; and the proof is that these

evil tendencies, wicked passions, and perverse and criminal desires make themselves felt in the soul of the most upright man without his ceasing to conduct himself in a virtuous manner, for the reason that he wages a successful warfare against them. . . .

"In these moral conflicts appear, according to the more or less perfect moral nature of the man morally constituted, three orders of good sentiments antagonistic to the commission of criminal acts, namely:

"1. Sentiments which are developed and exert their force on the selfish side; that is to say, the moral sentiments which prompt to virtue and withhold from vice through a well-understood and well-considered personal interest. . . .

"2. The generous sentiments, such as sympathy, kindness, benevolence, and the like, which cause us to act charitably toward our fellows under the promptings of a loving nature and with a view to the contentment of the sentiments of generosity and magnanimity with which the Creator has endowed us.

"3. The conscience, the moral sense, the sentiment of right and wrong, accompanied by a feeling of obligation to do what is right, . . . because it is right, and abstain from what is wrong, . . . because it is wrong."

On causes of crime, Mr. Richard Vaux, a careful student of the subject, has said: "Among the causes of crime are heredity; the taint in parents; the impression on the character of the offspring from the relations and evil influences of domestic example and congenital abuses; the expression of selfishness, greed; false estimates of right and wrong; effect of parental contention, which impairs home influences, especially the watchfulness over children; weakness in popular support of the enforcement of laws; procrastination in the administration of justice; the

opinion that license is liberty, and freedom, ungoverned will."

In an article by Dr. E. C. Wines, published more than a quarter of a century ago, he gave the following list of sources of crime, commenting on each in turn: Grog-shops, brothels, theaters, gambling-houses, bad books, orphanage, insanity, ignorance, want of a trade or profession, poverty, foreign immigration, density of population, and innate depravity.

Mr. F. H. Wines, of Illinois, has said: "I think that, in discussing the causes of misfortune and crime, the fact is often overlooked that these causes lie much deeper than anything which we are able to see. They are found away back in the origin and in the history of our race. The ultimate causes of ignorance, idleness, disease, poverty, and crime reside in the constitution of human nature and of human society, and in the relations which exist between humanity and its divine Creator and Father, Almighty God. If we study the constitution of human nature and its relation to the physical conditions of life, we discover one distinct group of causes of the evils which we deplore; if we turn our attention to the constitution of society, there we discover a second group of causes; and if we concern ourselves with questions of moral and religious belief and practice in any given age or country, we find still a third group of causes."

I am aware that an attempt to trace from effect to cause may, in many cases, lead to unsolvable mysteries and reveal almost innumerable causes. Notwithstanding these threatened mysteries, there are evidently some specific causes which deserve, aye, demand mention, and to which a few of the following pages are dedicated.

XLVII.

INNATE AND PSYCHOLOGICAL CAUSES.

Margaret, the Mother of Criminals—Thought Impressions Upon Fecundating Fluid and Fetus—Constitutional Flaws Fostered by Environments—Moral Paresis.

EVIDENTLY there is some abnormal moral condition in one who yields to do that which excites the strongest repugnance of others whose social environments are equal. That there are inherent tendencies to criminal life in some persons is a fact well evidenced in criminal history. On this Dr. E. Harris is credited with the following, pertaining to "Margaret, the mother of criminals," and her offspring:

"The county records show that two hundred of her descendants were criminals. In one generation of her unhappy line there were twenty children, of whom seventeen lived to maturity. Nine served terms aggregating fifty years in the State prisons for high crimes, and all the others were frequent inmates of jails and almshouses. It is said of the six hundred and twenty-three descendants of this outcast girl, two hundred committed crimes which brought them upon the court records, and most of the others were idiots, drunkards, lunatics, paupers, or prostitutes. The cost to the county of this race of criminals and paupers is estimated at one hundred thousand dollars."

There is a theory which seems plausible; namely, that the thoughts, desires, and impulses of the father may make impressions upon certain cells of fecundating fluid, prior to the conception of a child, and that the thoughts, desires, and impulses of the mother may make impressions

upon the fetus of the child prior to its birth, and that seeds thus sown subsequently become factors for good or bad. If factors of crime, they will assert themselves in some form from the embriotic flaw to midlife tumors of crime and shame.

"Like genders like; potatoes tatoes breed;
Uncourtly cabbage springs from cabbage seed."

Doctor Christison says: "Facts suggest that there is an inwoven fiber of instability in the nervous organizations of those we cannot regard as exactly diseased, nor as exactly normal, a subtle constitutional flaw which artificial environments have fostered."

He declares "conscience" to be the product of cosmic impressions and experience, a monitor assured to all who heed its impulses, and which becomes either dull or distinct according to environments, precepts, and example.

Among criminals I have known some who could recite their careers of robbery and murder with the manifest satisfaction of sportsmen detailing the chase and capture of game. In them not a sign of conscience-life was discoverable, though when tested in other directions the brain tissues proved to be normal. Regarding moral conduct, in this class there seem to be indications of a broken or missing link between the brain tissues and the moral monitor. I have therefore concluded that such may be properly designated moral idiots. Technically this is called,

"MORAL PARESIS OR PALSY."

It is simply an abnormal weakness. In this class of criminals there is often manifest a subtle abnormality within, which stamps the countenance and the demeanor with what is known as the "delinquent shadow," by which the discriminating observer, the detective, and the psychol-

ogist readily recognize them. With this class, as a rule, there is not so much that lack of intelligence which with many other dangerous beings is so distinctive, for there are many of them quite intelligent and capable.

For additional to this chapter the reader is referred to Chapters XVI. and XLVI.

XLVIII.

INTEMPERANCE A CAUSE OF CRIME.

Criminal History—Statements from Officials of Prisons—Statistics—The Dead as Witnesses.

INTEMPERANCE is of itself a cause of crime. The drunkard is guilty of crime against himself, against his family, and against society. The drunkard-maker is his accomplice. Intemperance leads to the commission of other crimes—crimes of every name, crimes of every grade. Of a very large per cent. of the convicted criminals it might be written, Dissipation wrecked him; he lost his natural affection for his friends, he drifted into a worthless, vicious life, and therefore fills a felon's cell. Criminal history in the United States most emphatically confirms the charge that intoxicants, directly or indirectly, are influential in the commission of at least sixty per cent. of all the crimes that are perpetrated. Of the 3,480 persons committed to the Ohio penitentiary between November 15, 1880, and November 15, 1885, 2,640 were intemperate—a fraction over seventy-five per cent.

A few years ago Doctor Wines, of Illinois, sent out to all the wardens of our State prisons in the United States a circular letter. One question put to them in the circular was, "What is your opinion as to the connection between strong drink and crime?" He says: "All answers returned pointed in the one direction and were echoed, in general, by Mr. Pollard, of Vermont, who said, 'My opinion is that if all intoxicants were to-day eradicated the Vermont State prison would be large enough to hold all the criminals in the United States.'"

It has been reliably stated that "of 3,000 convicted criminals examined by a French medical man, M. Marmabet, more than half were drunkards; that is, seventy-nine per cent. of the vagabonds and mendicants, fifty per cent. of the assassins, fifty-seven per cent. of the incendiaries, and seventy-one per cent. of the robbers."

That rum is the chief cause of crime, and that many who occupy felons' cells but for its power would be honored and valuable members of society, is too well demonstrated and recognized to call forth at this time extended official statistics or exhaustive arguments. But if to that which daily records furnish, additional testimony is demanded, call back the departed to earth again. Break the turf over the moldering bones of the host of criminals and those who have suffered at their hands; let them shake off the bone-dust from their crumbling forms and march into court to witness. Bring up from the slimy ooze of our rivers, lakes, and oceans the drowned victims, with blue and livid lips, and let them testify. Call from their ashes the thousands dashed into eternity by the wrecking of trains, and let them tell why. Bring down from the gallows the rum-maddened manslayer to grip again his bloody knife and bear witness. Then bid the unrelenting past break its seal of silence, and push back upon the night winds the shrieks and groans of rum-criminal's victims, and ask the recording angel to unroll and read all the indictments of crimes written by him against them. O angel of God, reveal to men how from this flood of sin the world may find relief!

XLIX.

VILE AND SENSATIONAL LITERATURE CRIME-PRODUCING
AGENCIES.

Mind Food—An Assimilating Reflexity—Hazlitt Modified—Foul Leprosy of Modern Times—Varieties of Forms—Anthony Comstock's Statements—Cases Cited—Evidences Among the Convicted.

HAZLITT, modified, will truthfully say, "Intellect is immortal, and words last forever." When words are entertained, they become mind food and form character after their kind. That which is received as mind food to-day may indicate the picture of the receiver to-morrow. Here is evidently

AN ASSIMILATING REFLEXITY.

"Yon gray is not the morning's eye,
"T is but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow."

The many atoms in creation are wonderful in construction. Growth of vegetation and animal life are mysteriously grand in their perfections; but the development and influences of complex man, of matter, mind, and spirit are supremely wonderful and sublime.

We stand in awe as we behold the engine draw its great train laden with luscious fruits, golden grain, and the rich products of mines and mechanism. It seems to have life; aye, it seems to have *thought*; but examination proves it to be lifeless and thoughtless. True, it moves, but it is propelled by abstract power and is directed by abstract *thought*. Man moves. Man, however, has in himself a

force, a force which moves the engine, and a force by which also he is moved. The engine moves; it performs its offices, but it is unconscious of its existence and the power by which it is operated. Man moves, he performs his functions, is conscious of his existence and recognizes his inherent powers. He therefore may say with Dryden:

"For that I am I know,
Because I think."

Thought underlies material organisms, and is the invisible force which starts the material machine, propels and directs it in its course.

In the book of sages it is written, "Man is fearfully and wonderfully made," and in that book the question is raised,

"WHAT IS MAN?"

A recent writer has answered, "Man is a double creature; the spirit man rides the man of flesh." In an attempt to answer the question, however, I much prefer to say, "Man is a triune personality of matter, mind, and spirit, and that in God's ideal man neither of these component parts rides the others, but, rather, concurrently they perform their respective offices, and thus fill the measure meted by Him who called them into being.

THE MATERIAL MAN.

His life and his symmetrical development depend upon the utilization of adequate portions of physical food, and the recognition and observance of nature's laws. If no food be taken, death, speedy death, is inevitable. If food be taken in over quantities or insufficient quantities, or with adulterations, a dwarf results. If artificial stimulants, narcotics, or poisons be taken, or if vicious habits be formed and vile practices obtain, the beauty will soon

fade and the vigor soon vanish. Aye, more, by assimilation the organism will bear unmistakable photographic lines of demoralization. These lines, too, will soon become so clearly manifest that the true conduct of the individual may be known without a verdict from expert students of physiology and psychology, or declarations from those particularly versed in the properties of intemperate and vicious habits. Indeed, the life history, despite the lip professions, will become stamped in the features and traced in the countenance.

Mr. Hillis, in his recent book, "Man's Value to Society," fittingly says: "The body is a show-window advertising and exhibiting the soul's stock of goods. God's canvas and nature's handwriting go over it. Each faculty is a brush, and with it reason thinks out the portrait." Lord Bacon has said: "In the body there are three degrees of what we receive into it, namely: (1) Aliment—that which man's nature can perfectly alter and overcome. (2) Medicine—that which is partly converted by nature, and partly converteth nature. (3) Poison—that which worketh wholly upon nature, without nature being able to work at all upon it."

What is true in the above particular of the material man is equally so of the mental man. He who takes no mental food must be a mental dwarf, a simpleton, a person of vacant glare, in whose eye not one star of mental vivacity can be seen. Such a one must be subject in part or entirely to the mere animal proclivities, which, when alone, tend downward. The proper development of mind and the formation of character depend upon the nature of

MIND FOOD.

As is our mind food, so will our thinking be; and as our thinking is, so will our lives be. Or, to put it in another

form, propositions entertained will be photographed in subsequent individual life. A very wise man has written:

"As he thinketh in his heart, so is he."

If our thoughts feed on elevating things we cannot fall; no matter what may be our surroundings. Aye, more, if our thoughts dwell on elevating themes we shall ascend.

The power to think is inherent. The exercise of that power is voluntary. It is therefore inseparably connected with will, and to be effective must be directed by it. Directed by the will, the mind grasps, holds on to, orderly and earnestly ponders, and revolves a submitted idea, or proposition, until for reasons it be rejected, or entertained with the affections clinging thereto, and if thus entertained, so thoroughly digested and assimilated as to become a part of one's self.

The proper development of intelligent beings calls for the constant action of the will, which is the executive force of the several faculty forces with which beings are endowed.

The will, as the executive of these several forces, sits in the seat of authority, governing thought, courage, resolution, and action. Recognizing this truth, Paul, the apostle, wrote, "Finally, . . . whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." Thinking is thought in action; it is the mental recognition of ideas, themes, and propositions, and the revolving them in the mind. Thinking is essential to knowledge, and knowledge is essential to piety.

These propositions and ideas are submitted through personal associations and by signs and words spoken or written. That which neither feeds the mind nor purifies the

heart, but rather intoxicates the mind, corrupts and narcotizes the heart, is certainly objectionable, aye, dangerous.

The questions, therefore, of admissible reading-matter and of associations are indeed questions of grave importance. The note of alarm should be sounded. Infectious matter should be avoided. The fact that crime is not only inherent, but contagious, should be emphasized.

That boy who feeds upon dime novels, *Police Gazettes*, and the sensational reports of criminal adventure is himself on the road to crime and prison. That girl who is crazed for exciting love stories, mysterious correspondence, and strange pictures is boarding a fast train to shame and crime. These agencies are sent out in almost every possible form, and in varieties from those causing the first blushings of misdirected affection to the excesses of shameless lust and murder. Their names are legion. Equally pernicious are many of the exaggerated and highly-colored details of crime as published in the secular press. There also are to be seen crime-producing agencies in the form of personal attacks, insinuations on and unmitigated slander of public men.

Mrs. Marie B. Williams has well said: "Crime literature is the foul leprosy of modern times. A perverted taste launches it on the market, and it is eagerly bought, and the poison spread through the multitudes."

For a number of years the traffic in this poison has been such as to cause alarm. The aim has been at the boys and girls. An appalling amount has been sold to women, while thousands of persons holding respectable places in society have been detected as purchasers. Those engaged in the traffic have taken great pains to gather the names of boys and girls attending college and address them in ways to deceive, till finally they have succeeded in very many instances in placing in their hands the bane of moral life.

Anthony Comstock, of New York, who for many years has been engaged officially in the suppression of vice, gives some startling facts in his reports touching this evil. In one report he said: "In two years I seized 13,000 pounds of vile books, 200,000 pounds of obscene pictures, 130,000 sheets of vile songs, and arrested 160 rascals engaged in their circulation."

In a later report he said, "During the past year I have seized 27,564 pounds of objectionable prints, 14,495 pounds of plates, and 1,816,088 songs."

Reports of recent date say that within eleven years there were captured and destroyed *thirty-five tons* of obscene matter.

Does the reader demand the proof that this class of matter tends to produce criminals? Then I refer him to a few of the many cases which can be enumerated.

Only a few years ago, a gentleman of national distinction, of unquestioned integrity, admired by all who knew him, was called as a witness in a case where his own daughter was on trial for the murder of her husband. In his testimony he said: "The husband of my daughter was kind, honorable, and affectionate. If my daughter has been in an unhappy state of mind, I attribute it to the impure works of Eugene Sue and Bulwer."

In one of our cities, in less than three months' time, three boys were convicted of crime committed in imitation of a hero of a novel. Mr. Comstock reports that in New York City, within a period of seven months, there were four hundred and sixty-four arrests of youths for crime, and that during the first half of the following year there were four hundred and thirty-four boys and girls arrested, and twenty-one committed suicide. He expresses the conviction that many of them were influenced to commit crime by vile literature, and gives utterance to the

following: "I unhesitatingly declare that there is at present no more active agent employed by Satan in civilized communities to ruin the human family and subject the nations to himself than evil reading. . . . Evil influences burn themselves in. Vile books and papers are branding-irons heated in the fires of hell, and used by Satan to sear the highest life of the soul."

On February 1, 1887, the marshal of Bucyrus, Ohio, captured part of a band of boys organized under the name "Gang of Darkness," but whom the reporter calls "Heroes of Nickel Libraries." They had their quarters in an old building near that city, and had committed quite a number of burglaries and robberies in that vicinity. Accompanying the account of their arrest is the following: "These boys have all been greedy readers of the nickel library and other pernicious literature, which enters largely into the spirit of their work."

The *New York Times*, some months ago, satirically said: "The dime novels. . . are grand agencies in developing character. In the department of murder the instruction given is all that could be asked. There is not a possible method of murder that is not fully described and illustrated."

One day five new arrivals were brought into the Ohio penitentiary. One of the five was a boy of about fourteen summers, who, to avoid being sent to the Reform Farm, had said he was over sixteen years of age. His youthful appearance and prompt answers to questions excited my sympathy, and I became anxious to know whence he came. In answer to inquiries he said: "My parents live in Indiana on a farm; they are well situated, have a good home, and were always kind to me, but they did not provide for much reading-matter. I was fond of reading, and bought cheap story-papers and books. One was an exciting ac-

count of some boys who were heroes in crime. While reading this account I began to feel like becoming such a hero. I soon ran away from home, and, in company with others like myself, began to pilfer and break open houses. I was caught in Hamilton, Ohio, and am here as a result."

Another bright and beautiful boy of about sixteen years said: "Without the knowledge of my parents, I left my home in England, worked my way on a vessel to America. My parents do not know where I am; I do not want them to know." I asked him to give me the address of his parents, that I might write to them, but he repeatedly refused. Not until he was taken to the hospital, sick, could I prevail on him to give me the address of his parents. Finally, he gave me the name and address of his mother and expressed a willingness for me to write to her. This I did, and I soon received a reply. The mother's letter bore marks of intelligence and a Christian heart. She bewailed the sad condition of her boy. She attributed the cause to his having read sensational stories and associated with others under that influence.

Evidences of the pernicious tendencies of sensational literature are clearly marked in the conduct of many prisoners in a variety of forms, but especially in their eagerness to obtain it. Next to pardons, this class of reading-matter and tobacco are the principal commodities sought. The particular variety in demand is well described in a book order given in chapter thirty-nine.

L.

IGNORANCE A SOURCE OF CRIME, EDUCATION A
PREVENTIVE.

A False Hypothesis—View from Other Standpoints—The True Education—A Chief Object of Education—Superstition, a Case—Statistical Evidences—Foreign Statistics—Personal Observations—Duties of State, Church, and Individuals.

SHAKESPEARE said,

"Ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing with which we fly to heaven."

That ignorance is a source of crime, and that a proper education tends to prevent crime, and therefore to reduce the criminal population, is certainly evidenced by indisputable facts. Dryden reached a logical conclusion when he wrote, "Ignorant of guilt, I fear not shame." When I affirm that education tends to prevent crime, I am not ignorant of the fact that Mr. Alison, in his history of Europe, pronounces such a statement a "fallacy," and that Herbert Spencer, in his "Social Statistics," and Mr. Buckle, in his "History of Civilization," subsequently agree with him. I know that they have by argument tried to disprove the doctrine that ignorance is a source of crime. They base their arguments upon the hypothesis that criminal statistics for a series of years in the same country remain about the same, proportionate to the number of people, and unaffected by educational or moral influences. The argument may seem quite conclusive, if considered abstractly; but in connection with other facts the deductions are unsatisfactory. The argument is sim-

ply this: Because Massachusetts has as many convicts as Georgia in proportion to population, therefore education does not tend to prevent crime.

But think a moment. Other considerations must enter into this count in order to reach a just conclusion:

1. The sentiments of the people may change in regard to what constitutes crime, and how criminals shall be treated, as the nation grows and ascends in the scale of civilization. As people are enlightened and brought under the influence of true culture, criminal conduct becomes more intolerable, the lines between right and wrong are more clearly drawn, and the machinery for the detection and punishment of crime is more effective. If an administration under a good state of culture were turned within a population where ignorance predominates, the criminal population would doubtless appear greatly increased.

2. A difference in race, a difference in social and political positions, may exist producing different results.

I would not affirm that education is an antidote for all criminal propensities, or that ignorance is the chief cause of crime. No, I know from personal observation that among the worst criminals are some well educated; they are criminals from other causes, criminals in spite of both culture and moral influences. Then, too, some criminals who have studied the sciences and graduated in the classics may have received only the education of the head. There may have been great defects in the methods and character of the educators. The true education touches both the intellectual and moral faculties, both the head and heart. If this be true, then here is a powerful argument in favor of the higher education under the control of the church.

One of the chief objects of education is the preparation

of individuals for social combination by inculcating the sacrifice of the animal proclivities to secure a higher well-being in community life. Crime is the action of an individual against the objects of education; it attacks the forms of social life and asserts the right to persist in savage deeds. Dr. Harris has said: "Man as an animal is a savage; as civilized, he is an ethical being who has set up within himself a system of duties and obligations which he observes at the expense of neglecting the impulses of his merely animal nature." Aristotle said: "Man, properly educated and trained, is the best of animals, but if uneducated he becomes the worst of them."

Criminal acts are sometimes the result of superstition, the belief in extraordinary or singular events, omens and prognostics. Superstition is the offspring of ignorance, and therefore ignorance is the source of such acts.

During my official connection with the penal and reformatory institutions of the State I became acquainted with quite a number who were influenced by superstitious ideas to commit criminal acts. For want of time and space I shall mention but one: He was the son of illiterate parents; was a single man, aged about thirty years, of robust frame and apparently in good health, but entirely destitute of a knowledge of letters. He had spent most of his time on the farm of his father. He believed that dreams are omens of good or evil. His crime was the murder of his father, whom he cut down with a corn knife, and he was sentenced to the Ohio penitentiary for life. His only plea of defense was that he must either kill his father or be killed by his father. He gave as his reason for the plea that the night before he committed the crime he dreamed that his father came to him and assaulted him with murderous intent, and that a voice said to him, "You must defend yourself." He interpreted it according to his plea.

While in the field cutting corn he saw his aged father approaching him bearing a vessel of water to quench his thirst, and without hesitation, as he approached and offered the water, he cut him down. He frequently said to me that he was fully convinced that he would have been killed had he not killed his father.

WHAT STATISTICS PROVE.

At the international congress in London, some years ago, the following summary of statistics from the United States was presented:

1. In sixteen southern States, two-thirds of all the prisoners were illiterate.
2. In the other States more than one-third were so.
3. In New York, out of a population of 942,242, then enumerated, there were 62,238 unable to read and write. That same year there were in the prisons of that State 51,466, of whom 19,160 were illiterate.

This last statement shows that, of the ignorant, one in three committed crime, while of those who could read and write (one beyond that) the proportion was as one in twenty-seven.

From an address of Wm. T. Harris, LL. D., before the National Conference of Charities, at Washington, D. C., in 1885, I gather the following:

1. Of an aggregate prison population in New York and Pennsylvania of 12,772, thirty-three per cent. were very ignorant, and over sixty per cent. were below the standard for common-school education.
2. That the census of these States show that of the entire population only four per cent. are illiterate. These statements demonstrate that the four per cent. of illiterates furnish at least thirty-three per cent. of the criminals, while the ninety-six per cent. of the educated population

furnish sixty-seven per cent. of the criminals—twelve times as many from the illiterate as from the same number who are educated. To state it in another form is to say that *eight* illiterate persons furnish as many criminals in these States as *ninety-six* educated persons.

3. In the central northwestern States, including Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin, three and one-half per cent. of the population are illiterate, while forty-six per cent. of the prison population are totally illiterate, or very ignorant—*thirteen times their portion*.

4. In the West and Pacific sections, three per cent. of the population are illiterate. These three per cent. of illiterates furnish thirty-one per cent. of the criminals, or tenfold their quote.

5. In three southern States, Maryland, Kentucky, and South Carolina, of 2,400 prisoners sixty per cent. were totally illiterate, twenty-five per cent very deficient, making a total of eighty-five per cent. totally or very deficient. In these three States twenty-two per cent. of the entire population are illiterate, so that the twenty-two per cent. of illiterates furnish at least sixty per cent. of the criminals. (See N. C. of C. 85, pp. 229-230.)

Dr. E. D. Mansfield, in his report to the Bureau of Education, said: "With the criminal statistics before me from nearly all of the States, I reach the following conclusions: 1. That about one-third of all criminals are totally uneducated, and that four-fifths are practically uneducated. 2. That the proportion of criminals from the illiterate classes is at least tenfold as great as the proportion from those having some education."

Mr. John Eaton, then United States Commissioner of Education, in a circular entitled "Education and Crime," said: "With the testimony before us we reach the following conclusions: 1. That about one-sixth of all the

crime in the country is committed by persons wholly illiterate. 2. That about one-third of it is committed by persons practically illiterate. 3. That the proportion of criminals among the illiterate is about ten times as great as among those who have been instructed in the elements of common-school education or beyond."

Dr. E. C. Wines, who is the best of authority on this subject, said: "Taking the entire mass of inmates of all classes of prisons in the northern and western States, the proportion of those wholly illiterate to those who have received a moderate degree of education, often very moderate indeed, may be stated, with substantial correctness, at about one-third. In the southern States the proportions are about reversed, being two-thirds illiterate to one-third partially educated."

Doctor Wines also gives the following on

FOREIGN STATISTICS.

"Of 444,133 persons arrested in France, . . . 442,194 were reported as unable to read, making over ninety-five per cent. of illiterates. Of the illiterates there was one arrest for each forty-one persons, but only one arrest for 9,291 persons who could read." He further states: "In England, out of 157,223 committals to prisons, 53,256 were illiterate, or thirty-four per cent. In Switzerland the average of criminals unable to read is eighty-three per cent. In Belgium one-half of the prison population is wholly illiterate."

PERSONAL KNOWLEDGE.

While chaplain of the Ohio penitentiary, reports over my signature show that there were 1,152 prisoners received. In my office, and under my personal direction, the statistical record of prisoners pertaining to mental, moral,

and social training and habits was taken. I was careful to secure reliable data touching the relation of certain conditions and habits to crime, among which was illiteracy. Of the 1,152 received there were of those who could not read 106; who could read some, but not write, 133; who could read and write some, 771; who had common-school education, 108; who had high-school education, 14; who had taken full or partial course in college, 20. Of the 771 reported who could read and write some, a very large per cent. were unable to read so as to gather important information from what they might be induced to read; nor were they able to write so as to correspond satisfactorily with friends.

In the face of the facts presented can any person consistently claim that education does not tend to prevent crime? Is it not apparent that, for the development of man as a social being, the protection of society, the permanency and safety of governments, the onward march of civilization, and the final triumph of truth, man should in the broadest sense be educated? If so, what is the duty of the state, of the church, of individuals?

LI.

CONVENTIONAL STANDARDS FOR SOCIAL LIFE MAY
PROMPT TO MISDEEDS.

**Ambition to Cope with Others—Living Within Legitimate Income
—Wives Without Estimate and Comparison Involve Hus-
bands—The Motto, Live Within Your Means.**

AMBITION to attain to and maintain a social position, determined by a kind of conventional standard of exterior signs, is a source of crime, especially in America. At this altar gradually and frequently are sacrificed parental hope, domestic bliss, and flattering business relations. While integrity whispers, Live within a legitimate income and expect social recognition on the higher basis of loyalty to righteousness, this ambition cries, Make haste to enter the circle and maintain a social position according to rule, at all hazards. Blinded by vain hopes, and too often prompted by a thoughtless and inconsiderate but ambitious wife, without estimate of cost or comparison of income, obligations are assumed, risks taken, accounts overdrawn, trust funds used, and the overt act performed. In quick succession follow the sensational announcements, nervous shocks, broken business links, criminal arrests, and man's confidence in man is weakened. For convincing evidence on this point the skeptic needs only to read the criminal records of the past few years, or interview the several clerks, agents, treasurers, and cashiers now environed by stone walls and iron bars.

"Live within your means" is a good motto for all. Under it as a caption somebody has appropriately written:

“When the man with moderate income endeavors to live as expensively as a man of wealth, his future can be easily written; a little enjoyment, periods of anxiety, burdensome debts, a desperate struggle to keep up appearances, ultimate bankruptcy, and a red flag to notify the neighbors that the sheriff is master of the situation. One-half the dishonesty of the present age springs from this foolish practice of imitating the style of others. The man of a thousand a year wants to live equal to the one who receives five; he in turn aspires to make as big a show as the one who receives ten; and the receiver of ten labors to keep pace with the one who counts his income among the fifty thousands. Is it any wonder that so many fail in business?

Life is altogether too short to destroy its enjoyments by taxing soul and body to keep up false appearances. Contentment comes with moderation; mental suffering and keen anguish with extravagance. To the young man just starting in life, to the man of business pursuing success, to the office-holder who hopes by honorable conduct to merit promotion and distinction, to all who labor for honor or profit, we commend the motto as a safe and sensible one, and one that will pay compound interest in the end. A faithful adherence to it by old and young, rich and poor, will restore confidence in business and official circles, and fill the land with happy homes, from which will emanate a spirit of purity essential to the maintenance of public virtue.

LII.

CRIMINAL EXAMPLES AND ASSOCIATIONS.

CRIMINAL examples and associations are causes of criminal life. Crime is not only inherent, but contagious. Edward Livingston said, "Vice is more infectious than disease." Children are both observing and imitative. Many innocent and promising youth, like Longfellow's maiden,

"Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,"

are turned by force of associations and counsels into the swift stream and lost—lost forever—in the whirlpool of crime. Numerous examples of criminal contagion and confirmation by associations might be cited by those familiar with the corrupting influences in our jails, infirmaries, and not infrequently in our reformatories. One who is good authority said, "It would be more reasonable to put a man in a pest-house to cure him of headache than to confine young offenders with confirmed criminals to effect reform."

"Keep good company or none."

LIII.

UNBRIDLED PASSION LEADS TO CRIME.

ANGER often leads to criminal conduct. To love is legitimate, but love out of bounds leads to infatuation, idolatry, suicide, and homicide. To hate is legitimate, but that out of place leads to anger, malice, insanity, and man-slaying. One improper indulgence of a passion adds strength to it, and produces moral weakness elsewhere. Anger out of bounds, like a tempest, destroys by its own velocity. Most of the life prisoners in our penitentiaries are there because of uncontrolled passion.

Every life, especially every young life, is a stream, possibly some "undiscovered Niagara, leaping on its way toward the great ocean of eternity." If there is no purpose in that life, no aim, no definite determination, no self-control, that life must not only be a failure, but a wreck. But if coupled with that life there be a great purpose, a steady aim, self-possession, and self-control, then it will become a power for good. "Though passion be hair-strained, it must not break over bounds" (Lincoln).

A man of even temper may reverse himself by indulging in fits of passion. A man soon angry may, by self-control, soon rise above his natural inclinations and possess himself in patience. It is possible to lose or gain much by little. A classic case is that of the royal granary which was depleted of its stores by a succession of "one rat came and took one grain away, and another rat came and took another grain away."

LIV.

PREVENTIVES OF, AND CURES FOR CRIME AND CRIMINALS.

Cultivation of Public Sentiment—General Education—Suppression of Vile Prints—Stay Intoxicants—Provide for Better Care of Homeless Children—Discipline of Prisoners.

By inference, at least, some of the antidotes for crime have been suggested in the discussion of the several causes thereof, among which as deserving special notice and emphasis are: 1. The cultivation of public sentiment in favor of integrity. 2. A general education, under moral and religious influences. 3. The suppression of the false and vile prints. To this end, the vividly true and pure must be substituted for the impure, and their more liberal circulation maintained. Also by civil enactments and their enforcement must the vile be suppressed. 4. The suppression of the manufacture and sale of intoxicants as a beverage. 5. Both the church and state should provide for the better care of homeless children and those of profligate and inebriate parents.

The influences and discipline within prisons may be very helpful or may be quite the contrary. The chief officer of a prison, to do his part in this respect well, should know the particular moral condition of those committed to his keeping, and personally, as well as through his subordinates, seek to overcome every evil inclination manifest, and give all possible aid to those who indicate a sincere purpose of reform. The most perfect finish in prison equipment will be of very little value if the executive department be in incompetent hands.

Somebody has said: "In the army, politics have sometimes played a prominent part in the selection of officers and those in command. In the navy this is not possible, because the risk to men and ships is too immense. An error in judgment on the sea, either in battle or sailing, cannot be easily overcome; but the risks attendant on and error in the selection of a chief of a penal institution are even greater, for unskillful management may mean disaster to many lives, morally and physically."

The reformation and uplifting of the incarcerated, to a very great extent, depends upon the moral character and general fitness of those in charge of them. Count Sollohub well said, "There is a contagion of good as well as of evil."

Under this general topic, "Cures," there are some agencies not named which deserve more than a passing reference, and which I would particularly emphasize in the following pages.

LV.

INDETERMINATE SENTENCES.

No Release Without Reformation—The Administration of Law on Scientific Basis—Held for Protection of Society—Placed Under Best Reformatory Influence—Opinion of C. T. Lewis, of New York State Prison Association.

INSTEAD of the limited, we should have the indeterminate sentence, with the provisions for parole, pardon, and final discharge only upon evidence of innocence or genuine reformation. This method is both economical and benevolent. An outlaw who is determined to live by violence and fraud should be held until he changes that purpose. The State should no more turn loose upon society a known criminal than it should release from an asylum a lunatic. The problem of criminal reformation and the administration of law should be put upon the same scientific basis as that of insanity. When once the mark of Cain is stamped upon an individual, or he is by criminal conduct known to be an outlaw, and as such held by the State, he should, for the protection of society and his own future weal, be detained until it is quite evident that he has fully reformed.

A code providing for indeterminate sentence should also require that prisoners be placed under the best possible reformatory influences. On this subject of indeterminate sentence, Charlton T. Lewis, Ph. D., President New York State Prison Association, said:

"The only satisfactory principle with which to set out in the study of the problem is this: It is the duty of society to protect itself, to secure civil order and private

rights, and to extirpate the criminal class. Crime must be controlled where it exists, and every effort must be made, first to prevent it, and then to destroy it.

* * * * *

“Prison life is an unnatural life, and the worst preparation for a place in society and among men is to cut a man off from human associations. But one justification can be offered for imprisoning a man, and that is that it is not safe for society that he be at large. Let this be established, and he should unquestionably be shut up. If it is satisfactorily proved that, while it is unsafe to leave him at liberty to-day, it will be perfectly safe to-morrow, or next week, or next year, then it is reasonable to sentence him to confinement for a definite term; but if he is so unfit for freedom that it is dangerous to the rights of his fellow-men that he be unrestrained to-day, only omniscience can foresee when that unfitness will end. No sentence to imprisonment, therefore, is rational unless it is an indeterminate sentence; that is to say, a sentence to confinement until the prisoner has proved himself fit for freedom.”

LVI.

EDUCATION A MEANS OF REFORMATION.

As a means of reformation a proper education of prisoners should be made compulsory, and one of the conditions of release. Touching this, Z. B. Brockway has fittingly said: "All true education is increase, advancement of the soul; and soul-growth is ever toward its creator, God. The prisoner's mind must be expanded. In proportion as a prisoner is educated, during his imprisonment, will his conduct, when relegated to common life, be changed. It is by education in this sense that moral training is best begun; it is the natural avenue to the seat of the moral emotions, and paves the way for those superhuman influences that are believed to radically change the character."

While serving his time under sentence, a man writing for the *Ohio Penitentiary News* said: "Education is destined to be the redeeming force of the future prison management. It will be the power that will elevate the prisoner's mind to higher aims in this life. It will create a better understanding of what the true aims of this life should be."

LVII.

CHILD-SAVING INSTITUTIONS.

As agencies in the prevention of crime and the reformation of young criminals, too much importance cannot well be attached to the private and public institutions denominated "Child-saving institutions," "Schools for the little ones," and "Homes for children," in which the little children from two to eight years of age may receive both instruction in the right and protection from the wrong.

Experience has demonstrated that the best means of preventing crime and improving society is in the right training of children. This training cannot begin too soon.

The celebrated Protestant, Oberlin, in Alsace Lorraine, about the middle of the eighteenth century, touched with the sad condition of the children in his parish who were too young to attend school, and who were running at will, gathered them under his own care and guarded them from evil influences without, and instructed them in rules of right. "Then and there," said Doctor Wine, "was established the first infant school in a rural population ever known." No doubt the germ of the kindergarten is here found.

A French poet, it is said, in imagination pathetically described the origin and utility of such child-saving schools. He in his stretch of imagination sees, "Among the seraphim who forever hymn the glory of God, one who sometimes stood aloof from the rest, lost in thought, his forehead inclined to the earth." He became more and more pensive. At length, kneeling before the Eternal, he

said: "When thy Son Jesus wept, and was cold in the stable of Bethlehem, my smiles consoled him, my wings sheltered him, my breath warmed him. Since then, whenever an infant cries, its voice touches my heart, and for this reason I am in continual sorrow. Suffer me to descend to earth; there are so many little ones who, shivering with cold, mourn far away from the breath and kisses of their mother. I long to shelter them in warm chambers; I long to lay them in cradles, and cover them well; I long to be their nurse; I wish that they all may have twenty mothers, who will rock them to sleep, after having well suckled them." The angels applauded him. Spreading his wings he descended rapid as the lightning and infant nurseries were opened wherever the angel of the little children passed.

These private and public "child-saving institutions" are doing much good, but not all that they might, nor all they should. By far too many of them are mere places of detention, only prisons, prisons in charge of political partisans who were placed in charge, most likely, because of party service rather than fitness for such important work. They seem able, however, to detain those committed to them until they reach the age when by statutory provisions they must be discharged. They are then able to inform them that they are free, and may go out, possibly back to their inebriate or profligate parents, or to former associations with deleterious influences, and that, too, with a meager outfit of clothing.

To prevent delinquent children from becoming criminals, our institutions for them must be controlled by those who possess the elements of reform, and who will strive to cultivate the moral nature of those committed to them; and better provisions must be made for homing and protecting those discharged therefrom.

LVIII.

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS EFFORTS.

MORAL and religious instruction and example are powerful agencies in the work of reform. Such instruction has often proved a ready antidote against criminal thoughts, criminal propensities, and criminal character.

In an annual report of the board of managers of the Ohio penitentiary they speak of gratifying results in reformatory and moral training of the convicts under the immediate care and instruction of the chaplain, and say: "Abundant evidence is not wanting that permanent good is being accomplished daily for these unfortunate men, as seen in the constantly decreasing offense list and in the cheerfulness and improved discipline of the prisoners."

At the same time in his own report the chaplain devotes some space to the important topic of reforming the prisoners, and gives a number of instances where men have led honest and industrious lives after their discharge.

In addition thereto he said: "Of those who could neither read nor write on entrance, about fifty have learned to read within the past year, and nearly as many learned to write respectably; a number have systematically studied mathematics, geography, grammar, and history, and a few science."

Under the topic, "Religion in Prison," are clipped the following:

"Prisoners need a constant stimulus to good behavior, the daily presence of a motive to do right gradually transforming itself into a habit of doing right. Such a motive must be supplied and reinforced by moral and religious

teaching. No mechanism, however perfect, can take the place of the divine work in regenerating the heart and reforming the life of sinful men."—*F. B. Sanborn.*

"To reform prisoners, or to make them better as to their morals, should be the leading view in every house of correction, and their earnings should only be a secondary object. We owe this to them as rational and immortal beings, nor can any criminality of theirs justify our neglect in this particular."—*John Howard.*

"Prison reform, as now understood in the world, is the outgrowth of Christianity, as certainly as the oak is the outgrowth of an acorn; and all future growth and progress must be rooted in the teachings of the Divine Nazarene."—*Rutherford B. Hayes.*

LIX.

SPECIAL RELIGIOUS SERVICE.

Personal Experience and Observations in Direct Religious Effort with the Incarcerated.

WHILE chaplain, each day, when the men were seated in the dining-hall for dinner, a short prayer was offered which doubtless served to elevate the thoughts and inspire a degree of gratitude and reverence due to the Giver of all good. I devoted some time Sabbath afternoons to visiting the men in their cells, and conversing with them. By this method I not only became personally acquainted with them, but learned from them something of their past history and present state of mind, without which one must labor for their reformation at disadvantage. I also aimed to visit the hospital every alternate day and seek to administer consolation to the afflicted. In these personal interviews with the men, my own heart has been wonderfully moved with pity and sympathy for them, and especially for the young men.

As I have thus alone with them pointed out the better paths of life, and told them of Jesus and his love, I have witnessed tears of deep contrition, pledges of reformation, and evidence of saving faith in the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." In a few instances I have watched over the dying, and in the absence of loved ones heard their last faint whispers of prayer, and received from lips, already cold, their message, "*Tell my friends for me, farewell.*"

In these personal and intimate relations with the unfortunate, I experience joy in the belief that eternity will

reveal that such visitations were not in vain; and as there flashed upon my mind with new luster the words of Jesus, "I was in prison and ye came unto me," I was enabled to pursue with pleasure and comparative ease what may have seemed to others overwork.

I also held a special service each Sabbath morning at eight o'clock in the hospital. This consisted in singing by the choir, reading of Scripture, with remarks and prayer. This service was for the benefit of those employed therein and the sick. The interest manifested by the sick during these services at times was peculiarly affecting. As the choir sang of "home," "heaven," and "the sweet by and by," and as some precious words from the Bible were read, one might witness the sick lifting themselves and resting their heads on elbowed hands, or turning faces toward us, with countenances aglow with emotion, while anon a tear-drop was brushed hurriedly from the pale or fevered face.

BEHIND THE BARS.

OBSERVATIONS.

TO AID in the further study of the criminally delinquent classes, and enable the student to take some note of their spirit and conduct while under penal service, I present the following pages, consisting of notes, personal observations, additional miscellaneous facts, and contributions from the incarcerated, most of which will, I think, prove to be interesting and quite suggestive to the reader :

LX.

A PRISONER'S REVIEW.

Extracts from Preface and Contents of Prison Poems—"The Bard Behind the Bars," by T. H. T.—An Intelligent, but Weak and Unfortunate Man—The Present—The Future—The Human and the Divine Sides—Faith on Wings—Prisoner's Hope.

WITH the Union veterans I stood in many hard-fought battles. The Confederate veterans taught me the sting of rebel lead. Wounded five times in battle, I survived the four-year conflict of our long, cruel war. To-day, alas! I am wounded and bleeding in the great battle of life. The scars of flesh have healed; the wounds of disgrace never can. There was not a soldier in the war, wearing blue or gray, who would not have risked his own life to bear a wounded comrade to a place of safety; but how sadly different now. I was a Union soldier. Through misfortune such as few men ever meet, I have been stricken down. The Loyal Legion priest and Grand Army Levite pass by on the other side. The pioneers who have gone before are

preparing to pontoon us over the Rappahannock of death. The struggle of life is nearing an end for each of us. Then comes the greatest honor that many of us ever knew—the honor of the grave.

In life we are often crushed and kept down by selfish men. In death our graves are covered with flowers, sweet songs echo over them, and we are called heroes, brave men who offered life and limb in their country's defense. Make one misstep in life, and you may go down forever. Comrades, in a few months more I shall be laid away on the hillside. The pardon I craved in life in vain will then be mine. I shall fill a soldier's grave. The very ground where I lie will be called sacred—a hallowed spot. Kind hearts and loving hands will mark my resting-place. They will place a cross of lilies on my breast, lay a wreath of roses at my head, and scatter flowers all over me, and say: "He was one of our country's brave defenders! We will honor his memory!" O my friends, when it comes to that, pass on to the next silent vedette and give my honors to him. I will not need then that which was withheld from me all through life. Pick up the withered wreaths from my grave and hang them up on the walls of the Grand Army temple. I am an enrolled inmate of the Soldiers' Home, at Sandusky, Ohio, and was on my way to that institution, some years ago, when arrested for a crime I never committed. I was arrested from photograph resemblance, and the detective received \$100 for convicting me.

Why do we wait and coldly stint our praises,
And leave our reverent homage unexpressed
Till brave hearts lie beneath a bed of daisies,
Then heap with flowers each hallowed place of rest?

For every year the veteran ranks are broken,
And every year new graves await our flowers;
Oh, why not give to living hearts some token
Of half the love and pride that throb thro' ours?

Bring blooms to crown the dead—but, in your giving,
Forget not hearts that still can feel and ache;
Oh, give your richest garlands to the living
Who offered all in youth for honor's sake!

THE PRISONER'S HOPE.

. . . Within a dungeon dark,
I breathe my Savior's name;
His love ignites a heavenly spark,
More bright than earthly fame.

Tho' iron door exclude the day,
And make it dark within,
It can't shut out the faintest ray
Of heavenly light let in;

Tho' fetter bind each aching limb,
And countless sorrows roll,
They cannot bar the ways to Him
That liberates the soul!

Then let the world, inhuman, cold,
Exulting at my fall,
Take back her gaze—oh, peace untold,
Christ hears the convict's call!

A bruised heart he will not break,
Nor quench hope's feeble flame;
And when all earthly friends forsake,
I find him still the same.

—T. H. T.

LXII.

A LETTER FROM A CONVICT FATHER TO HIS SON.

Brodie Willis,

COLUMBUS, OHIO.

MY DEAR SON: Through an unfortunate combination of circumstances I have been taken from my family and so situated as to be unable to act the part or perform the duties of a parent toward you. Yet I wish you to bear in mind that you possess a father's truest and warmest love, and that when I can, I will take your young life from the darkness that for a while has clouded it o'er and try to lead you out into the sunshine of a brighter, happier, and a better life. This I will do if I *live*; but, lest anything should occur to keep us forever separated, I will leave these words for your consideration, hoping they may, to some extent, mold your future, and leave impressed upon your mind indelibly the fact that your father loves you and wishes for your future happiness and welfare:

1. Be select in your associations. A man's whole life is judged by the company he keeps.

2. Be honest, for a man who is not honest is a *fool*. He may be educated, he may be cunning, he may be successful as the world calls it, still he is a fool. I would have you be honest for your own sake, though nobody were to know it, just as you would be clean for your own sake, though no body were to see you. A man can be happy only when he is strictly honest, when he has a conscience void of offense toward God and man.

3. Be choice in your language. Use no profane words, but be candid and courteous to everybody, be they rich or poor.

4. Be industrious, for by industry you carry in your own hands independence, and will, in time, surround yourself with home and home comforts that will make your latter days comfortable and pleasant.

5. Store your mind with useful knowledge. Read works that appeal to your reason, and you will add many things to your store of information that will serve to improve your mind and place you above the petty and useless things of life. Among other books, read the Bible; it is a great work. Its code of moral laws is the best the world ever knew; and you will be profited by following the rules there laid down for the government of man. The character of Christ is a grand and praiseworthy one. Follow it as well as you can, for he was a man of goodness; his heart was

filled with love and charity, and by emulating his actions and by following his teachings, your life will be an exemplary one. Take his teachings into your life, make them a part of yourself, that those with whom you come in contact may regard you as a true man; and that, in the grand summing up of life's actions, you may not be displeased with the part you have acted. Be just to God, to man, and to yourself. Keep heart and hands clean, and by so doing show your obedience to one who, though unfortunate, is still pleased to call you son and happy to be your father. From your ever-loving father,

B. B. BURN.

LXIII.

A LETTER FROM A WIFE TO HER CONVICT HUSBAND IN PRISON.

DANVILLE, ILLINOIS.

DEAR HUSBAND: I intended writing you before this, and thought surely I should on our darling boy's birthday, which was last Monday, the 28th. Did you think of it? Charlie, I have had no girl for three weeks to-morrow. I had a colored one for eight or ten days, to get wood, coal, and water, but did all the rest myself, even my washing. I feel to-day I cannot go a week longer with my work. I wrote to Urbana for a girl, but have not heard from her. It is almost impossible to get a girl here, there is such a cry for help. I have only had the four boarders for the last three weeks, and doctor and wife have been in Chicago this week, so Ralph and I have been alone. I got Mrs. Black's girl to stay nights with us, as the other boarders are day ones, and in this great, large house it was very lonely. Oh, my, such stormy, bad weather! While I am writing it storms fearfully out. It will seem good to have pleasant, warm weather again, for the cold weather has lasted so long. Well, as usual, on R's birthday I let him invite in a few of his most intimate friends, to take tea with him. He looked up at me and saw me looking around, and he said, "O mamma, we only need one more here to be so very happy, and that is my papa." O Charlie, words fail to express what I wish to say when our dear little one asks why I won't tell him where his papa is and why he did not send the express wagon he said he would on his birthday. I told him last fall that you said Christmas or on his birthday you would send him a wagon, and he has not forgot it. I got him a new pair of shoes for a present, but wished I was able to get him something more. I have to be very saving now, with so few boarders, for it takes so much to keep up fires.

Do you keep well? There is not a day passes over my head but I think of you, and of how lonely the evenings and Sundays must be for you, for I suppose you are at work during the day. It seems hard, even if you are in prison, to think that from your labor your wife and child get not one cent. It is not right. And must I tell you? Yes, I must. I have been having palpitation of the heart, and, since I have been trying to do my work, I have had several spells. The physicians say that I must not do housework, and since I have to do it, there is no telling what the result will

be. Dear, oh, dear! it nearly sets me wild to think of it, and of my dear little boy left homeless, motherless, and fatherless. Oh, if you were only home, how much of the burden you might take from me. Ralph is in school, but has not been well all winter. I don't want him to go while the weather is so bad, but he doesn't want to miss any.

Well, changing the tenor of my letter, mother and Aunt Lizzie, from Salem, were here on a short visit in February. They seemed to enjoy their visit very much, but aunt said mother was worrying so much about me. Jennie is having two weeks vacation, as the measles and mumps are so bad in her school, so I wrote for her to come and stay next week with me. I think she will. She is not well, and I don't like to be alone so much, of nights especially, for you know I am afraid.

Well, the fourteenth of this month, one week from next Monday, is our ninth anniversary. Time, O Time, where are you taking us? And what will be the future before us? God, and he alone does know.

I send you a little piece of poetry which I came across and liked. Soon as I get time I will have Ralph's picture taken and send it you. He has spoken of it several times. What are you doing? Do you have sermons preached, or Sunday school, or anything to read? And, oh, what kind of a place is a prison? I never have seen, and never want to see such a place, for the name of it has clouded my whole life. Well, write when you can, and always let your last thoughts at night and first in the morning be of your wife and child, no difference what may happen.

From your wife,

MARIE.

LXIV.

TOKEN OF APPRECIATION.

BEFORE leaving my office, one noon, I learned that one of the prisoners was quite indisposed. Returning in the afternoon, I sent to him a lemon, and received in return the following expression:

PLATE SHOP, September 9, 1880.

Chaplain.

DEAR SIR: I received your ambrosial repast last evening with a grateful heart. Not because I stood in need of it, but because I appreciate the tender consideration that prompted the humble gift.

For men like you my heart beats true,
But niggards I detest:
I 'bominate the heart of stone,
That lives but for itself alone,
Whilst others go unblest.

—*H. Coles, 10059.*

LXV.

A PLATONIC ADDRESS.

When the hour is past that of midnight,
Sweetly dream I, fair stranger of thee,
And wish in my dreams, with ecstatic delight,
To fondle the face when awake I would see.

Seraphic vision in my sleeping hours,
Sure harbinger of sweetest waking thoughts,
Canst thou conceive I would resign all powers
To dream of thee as of my chaste consort?

'T is so. Yet hold your ready censure, pray,
Nor feel alarmed, nor say that thou dost veto
Such holy love as I have heard some say
Was felt by that great Grecian lover, Plato.

Such love, fair maid, can ne'er be bought,
And such is mine; and, being such, it seems
I might be safely left to indulge the thought,
When full awake, and so realize my dreams.

If thou consentest, then, to be addressed
In my 'wake moments, and by such a love,
I truly shall account me the most blessed
Of mortals here on earth, or saints above.

Accept, unsought, this guerdon truly pure,
Bestowed with thoughts most holy and sublime;
Nor think the largess intruded to allure
And to deceive the one I call divine.

Wilt thou forego such happy bliss and charms
Because the tender made is by one proscribed?
Accept, nor think it pregnant with foul harms
To own thyself beloved as here described.

Such love doth make a troubled life serene,
And turns this hellish earth to paradise,
Prepares one for the place wherein convenes
The angels "in that home beyond the skies."

Wilt thou ignore, refuse to accept the gift,
And send me wandering again in streams
So shallow? Wilt thou cut me adrift
And bid me have thee present only in dreams?

Thou ~~mayest~~ choose far worse than have the name
Of choosing to be loved by such as me,
For though, unlike Plato, I am lost to fame,
My love is chaste as his was said to be.

I may be painted black—a wretch most craven,
Reviled and traduced and under ban;
But love is love, and mine immutable as Heaven,
And pure as ever was indulged by man.

Discard we all bad thoughts and join we hands
In friendship everlasting, true and pure,
As our kindred nature and our God commands,
If of that rich reward we would be sure.

—*John Doe, O. P.*

LXVI.

SAD THOUGHTS.

Forbid me, good stranger, to call thee by name,
Forbid, lest I, in so doing, should smear thy fair fame,
Forbid, lest in time you should have aught to fear,
Forbid, lest in time you should shed some sad tear.

Forbid that the felon, behind bolts and bars,
Should teach thee some day to curse thy fell stars;
Forbid and forget that thou ever didst see
So vile a man as 't is said I must be.

Forbid me your presence, spurn me as the rest,
Nor grant me the sight of one of the blest.
Forbid me to think that thou dost live,
And forbear in the future thy bounty to give.

Entombed in this dungeon, alive, but in tears,
And dead, as it were, for full fifteen years,
Proscribed by the law, deprived of all right,
I may not aspire to have thee in sight.

Trod on by fortune, forsaken by all,
Leave me, fair stranger, and stay beyond call.
Leave and forget me ere it be late,
Leave me to conquer or be conquered by Fate.

Forget, by all means, that one such as I
Met your fair gaze and darkened your sky;
Fear and hate me for what you wot not,
As the rest of the world, and here let me rot.

Yet, for your deeds and Christian-hearted bent,
I give you some leave my fall to lament;
But pray that your sorrow and pitying tear
Is felt and is shed for my illegal stay here.

How great my fall! From Fortune's topmost round,
Yet now to deepest depths of hell be bound;
Alive, yet though living, quite dead,
Since all hope is from my sad bosom fled.

And doomed to die here, and interred like a dog,
Nor any requiem chanted for my soul, if but by a frog;
None but a dear mother left to starve and groan
For the inglorious ending of her distant son.

All glory from me gone, by all mistook,
By all my whilom friends forgotten and forsook;
None to lament my death, nor shed a tear,
Nor march in sable black behind my bier.

No headstone and no friendly epitaph,
No flowers around me save some grassy chaff
Growing there, and by my corse manured, to mock
Me for the faults in life that I took stock.

The only friend in here, when dead, I 'll find,
Perchance, in some mild zephyr, or soft gust of wind,
Which, when weary elsewhere to moan and fly,
May come to moan sad music where I lie.

Nor can I hope to have such music play
At length to awake me on the eternal day;
But all that it will do will be to come and sigh
A while around my grave and o'er me die.

O God, this is too hard, too hard a fate!
Save, oh, save me, 't is not even now too late,
And in thy greatest mercy raise me a friend
That will, in this my sorest need, assistance lend.

Forgive, O God, and teach others to forgive,
That I may have respite and longer live;
Nor let me live exiled from home and friends,
For though alive, yet without these, my living ends.

My soul, now thus enrapt in gloom and grief,
Pours out this orison to thee to grant relief;
And not to let me die here, but be released and live
To praise thee for a second gift of life thou once didst give.

—A *Convict*.

LXVII.

CONCEALED IDENTITY.

IN chapter fifteen, reference is made to the death of a wayward brother, some years ago, who sought to perpetually conceal his identity from his friends, and who would have succeeded but for the information furnished by a criminal associate after his death.

This is not an isolated case. No, there are many who succeed in keeping their relatives and honorable friends in what they term "blissful ignorance" as to where they are and what they do. If they correspond with relatives at all, they do so through some criminal or other personal favorite, who usually resides at some distance from the place of incarceration, generally outside of the State. This favorite receives and remails all correspondence, both to the convict and his friends. Only occasionally does the outside world obtain such information through some gossip or favored individual.

Cases, however, constantly come to the surface within prisons that would surprise those outside. Many who are acquainted with such convicts, as well as their own families, only know that they have disappeared, that they have been reported missing. Some suppose them dead, yet all opinions as to what has become of them are based only on conjecture, except among those familiar with the secrets of prison life.

There was a young man in the prison from a town not far from Columbus, and the people of that town had no knowledge whatever of it. He came from another county. A colored man from Springfield once wrote to his friends

that he was in Columbus, Ohio, sick, in the hospital. A friend concluded to go to see him. After going to St. Francis Hospital and making inquiry of many persons without succeeding in finding the patient, somebody suggested the hospital at the prison. He went there, arriving one day too late to see the prisoner alive.

A man who was pardoned left his papers at the prison. They would "give him away" where he was known. His letters to his mother were addressed to a man in Illinois, who forwarded them to her. Her letters came through the same channel. Her place of residence was not known to the officials.

A man died at the prison. At the last moment, he wrote to his wife in Philadelphia. She didn't know where he was until then.

Here is a case given in the *Indianapolis News*, in 1902 :

"Confined within the walls of the reformatory at Jeffersonville, serving an indeterminate sentence, is a man who is a puzzle to the authorities, and who has caused the board of managers to ask each other the vexing question, What manner of man is this that prefers imprisonment to identification?" Two years ago, there was received at the reformatory a prisoner from Marion, Grant County, to serve a sentence of two to fourteen years for forgery. His identity was unknown, and the man was a living mystery to the Grant County officials, being a stranger in Marion. He was arrested and convicted of forging a check, refusing in court to give his name or address. The presiding judge had him arraigned under the name of John Frazee, and by this cognoment he was received at the reformatory. His conduct as a prisoner has been exemplary, and, being a bright, intellectual man, evidently possessed of a college education, he was placed in charge of the prison library. His penmanship is excellent, and he does much of the prison correspondence.

"During his two years' confinement he has never been reprimanded, and is liked by all the officials. He has never written a letter to any person or entertained a visitor since his term began, and he stolidly refuses to disclose his identity to Superintendent Hert. As he was eligible to parole, he was before the board of managers last week, but when he was requested to give his proper name and address he absolutely refused to do so, saying he would rather remain and serve his full term—fourteen years—than to accept parole under those circumstances. He further said that he did not propose, under any consideration, to disclose his identity, as his family never should know of him through his disgrace.

"The rules of the board are such that the managers could not parole him unless they were cognizant of his former life and identity, and Frazee went back to the library determined to remain the full limit of fourteen years rather than let the world know of his downfall. The board is indulging in much speculation just now as to who Frazee really is. He is a good-looking young man, of the blonde type, about twenty-six years old, and carries himself with the air of a gentleman. He is an excellent conversationalist, and does not bear the imprint of a criminal. He refunded the money he had secured on the forged check, but this did not save him from donning the convict garb. Senator Duncan, who is a member of the board, says that all the convicts in the institution know of Frazee's actions in the matter, and are watching the outcome with much interest. Many believe that he will keep his word and remain the full fourteen years, rather than tell who and what he is."

I have been able several times to discover concealed identity, confidentially, after announcing in chapel that I had received letters of importance from certain parties residing at certain places, which had important informa-

tion to give to such as could answer to the name and description given, and asking such to report to me, if within the prison.

LXVIII.

FIELD AND FOREST, LIBERTY AND EXILE.

[By a prisoner about forty-two years of age, when completing his second term of imprisonment, making in all an aggregation of about fourteen years of penal service. The consideration of this fact will serve as an explanation for the pessimistic expressions and views of life. The pictures here drawn, and the statements herein made, are however, too true to be ignored, but well deserve repeated careful reading and candid consideration.—D. R. M.]

An Elegy—in two parts.

PART I.

FAIN would my muse some nobler song berhyme,
Some notes that echo with a sweeter chime;
Fain would I celebrate my native hills,
And draw sweet music from the purling rills;
Like Arion chant, like Thilomela sing,
Like fabled Orpheus make the valleys ring.

'T is love fraternal prompts my rising song;
To piteous themes more piteous strains belong.
Through bolts and bars the self-same spot I view,
Where once the oak and stalwart cedar grew,
In days primeval, when the world was new.
With sad dismay I gaze upon the lawn,
Where grazed the stag and skipped the bounding fawn;
Where once the dusky chieftain wooed his squaw,
When right made might, and liberty was law;
And sylvan beauties here their charms displayed
And woke glad echoes through the glimmering glade.

Scioto's shores the swarthy Indian roamed;
Scioto's waters once his paddle foamed;
And darksome bevvies through the forest strolled,
Ere hands profane had stirred the virgin mold.
How changed the sight! The trembling trees can tell,—
That once gave shelter to the dark-eyed belle.
The trembling trees, a thousand tongues reply,
With aching hearts that answer with a sigh.

By flowers, beasts, and birds the story best is told,—
The braves have perished and their tongues are cold,—
By swaying pines that wavered in the breeze,
By tinkling rills that whispered to the trees,
By browsing herds that fed among the hills,
By gurgling streams that murmured to the rills,

By warbling birds that sang among the glades,
By black-eyed nymphs that slumbered in the shades
Ere hostile bands their artless foes beguiled,
When woodbines flourished and the forest smiled.

These sights and scenes no longer greet our eyes;
Where once the trees, now hoary walls arise,—
Beleaguered walls, whose dismal round contains
Sepulchral holes, where ghostly silence reigns,
A pompous structure of imposing height,
Where frowning arches throw a somber light
O'er concave stones that busy feet have worn,
By the world forgotten, and by hope forlorn;
Full many a tear upon these cold stones fell,
From eyes long closed, who 've bid the world farewell!

What though the tears like dread Niagara flow,
The walls relentless still presume to grow.
As hapless wights by cruel laws are clutched,
The halls are widened and the cells retouched.
High, and more high, th' imposing arches rise;
The domes mount upward and salute the skies.
Wide and more wide the lengthening shadows run
Till shade meets shadow and they blend in one.
O'er all the ground the noxious shades disperse
And blight the whole scene with a withering curse.

Ah! woeful sight this dismal wound displays;
A motley group stands open to our gaze,
Dense as the bees that roam the woodland o'er
To forage honey for their winter store;
When at the close of each glad summer day
They quit their toils and homeward wend their way,
And throng the hives, in slumbers for the night,
Till fiery Phœlus with his amber light
Invites his guests to sip the fragrant dew,
Resume their journey, and their toils renew.

Here sires their sons behold with tearful eyes,
Here frantic mothers vent their piteous cries;
Here statesmen wise, from many quarters trend,
Their wants solicit, and their selves commend.
Here heedless Hymen sends the nuptial train,
The pale-faced maiden and the rustic swain.
The poor, the rich, the master, and the slave,
The great, the small, the valiant, and the brave,
The buxom youth, the tot'ring, gray-haired sire,
With ling'ring steps, reluctant to retire,—
The victims ponder and the walls admire.

Here souls benighted to the fanes attend,
 With broken spirits to their Maker bend.
 With shriving priests they bow the knee in prayer,
 Not from devotion, but from black despair.
 In search of aid, and for a happier state,
 They bow and worship at the shrines they hate,
 Nor leave untried to soothe the troubled breast
 What Heaven affords or fiends of hell suggest.
 Here petty rogues in silence pass the day,
 Bemoan their fate and greater rogues obey;
 Here petty lords, with pond'rous clubs are seen,
 In coats of mail, go stalking o'er the green;
 Here great divines in sweet luxuriance dwell
 And snatch poor sinners from the jaws of hell,
 And for their wounds a wond'rous balm procure—
 "Try this, try that; the remedy is sure";
 But to be skilled and perfect in their trade
 They should themselves a pris'ner be made,*
 Discard their priestly gowns, and doff their shirts,
 Find where the sore will break and where it hurts,
 By pangs and throes be made to feel the smart
 That craze the brain and lacerate the heart—
 This, only this, will plenteous grace impart.

PART II.

None but the vanquished, careworn prisoner knows
 A prisoner's cares, nor contemplates his woes.
 Committed once, within tyrannic arms,
 Existence loses all its sacred charms.

*I once knew a young man in the city of Boston, who thought to accomplish himself in the art of running the steam-engine by reading books devoted to that science without the aid of practical experience. After carefully perusing several authors, and studying many pictures, he thought himself a most scientific engineer. And when taken into the engineer's examination office, he could answer many questions concerning the generation of steam, its momentous power, its mode of operating, etc.; but when asked what he would do in case of emergency,—if so and so was to happen to his engine,—he couldn't tell. And when taken before a veritable engine, with fire in the furnace and steam in the boiler, and blowing at the safety-valve, and told to start, stop, and reverse the engine, he couldn't lay his hand upon a single lever—not for want of genius, but for want of experience. The same is true with all other professions. Genius suggests how a thing should or might be done; experience walks boldly up and says, "I can do it"; pulls off his coat, rolls up his sleeves, and performs the task. Genius, considered in the abstract, is enviable; experience, considered in the abstract, serviceable. Genius and experience united are sublime.

Experience teaches by a stern command—
 His rules the lazy truant must obey;
 The precepts taught are good as cash in hand,
 That time, nor space, nor aught can take away.

What soul but enters these sequestered walls,
A prey to ruin and misfortune falls.
Once the stern law peals forth its clarion sound,
His doom is sealed, incurable his wound.
The curse decreed by Heaven for wicked Cain
Rests on his head and with his seed remain;
On all the line the pois'nous shafts descend,
Nor powers of earth can dodge, nor Heaven forefend.
His future years loom dark with threatening clouds;
Oppression, toil, and woes his present life enshrouds.
Ten thousand whispering tongues his deeds proclaim,
Ten thousand more exaggerate the same;
With light'ning speed the startling rumor flies,
Grows on the tongue, and swells to 'normous size.
His past misdeeds alone are held to view,
His virtues vanish like the morning dew.
The generous heart that once with passion burned
Has changed to gall and misanthropic turned.
No more his thoughts to noble deeds aspire;
Quenched is his thirst, and quenched the vital fire,
As into space the subtle vapors roll,
And on the gales they waft from pole to pole.
So flees ambition from the captive soul,
This vital spark that many ills can cure,
Nor bonds, nor chains, nor shackles will endure;
With proud disdain it takes its airy flight,
And leaves its victim in the realms of night,
Subject to every scheming demagogue that rules,—
Few wise, all selfish, some famous fools.

Compelled with grovling swine their food to share,
By turns compelled a heavier yoke to wear.
To rigid rules and artful laws a prey;
And greedy wolves, more subtle yet than they,
Fight for his carcass and his steps waylay.
Designing men his bootless toil subserves,
Consume his flesh, and feast upon his nerves.
His shattered frame like sand they sift for gold,
His mind perturbed like melting wax they mold.
A floating wreck, upon the tide he 's borne,
Their fields to replenish and their homes adorn.

Poor, hapless wretch! fell victim of despair!
No brother's arm his irksome task to share,
No kindred eye to shed a genial ray,
No sister's hand to wipe the tears away;
No spouse for him the bread and milk prepare,
No fairy forms to sport around his chair.

Thus uncondoled the seasons wax and wane,
 With nerves unstrung and half distracted brain,
 And bones prepared to lay upon the shelf,
 A ghastly image of his former self.
 His exile past, he coldly bids farewell
 To callous hearts, where love nor pity dwell.
 Impoverished and penniless, he 's rashly hurled
 Upon the cold sympathies of a selfish world;
 His works forgotten, but on scrolls of shame
 Remains a lingering transcript of his name.

With joy elate, like birds that 'scape the cage,
 A thousand thoughts his raptured soul engage.
 Freed from the raging hell he left behind,
 A thousand themes perplex his wand'ring mind.
 New scenes enchant, new music charms the ear,
 The birds sing sweet, the bells peal loud and clear.
 New sights allure, and strike the usual ray,
 And flood his wand'ring orbs with sudden day.
 Not certain quite which course to take or way to go,
 He leaps triumphant like the bounding roe.

Deluded wretch! how brief his ravished joy!
 How vague the fancies that his thoughts employ.
 Short is his bliss; he feels the fatal wound,
 The vipers tooth that pins him to the ground;
 The scoffing world his meager wants deny
 And on the culprit fix a vengeful eye.
 Imperious souls that never learn to weep,
 Nor at the shrines a midnight vigil keep;
 With hearts too hard to melt at others' woe
 Or on the poor a single tear bestow,
 Too stiff to bend, too great and wise to mourn,
 Point at the offender with malicious scorn:
 "Lo! that 's the man who once, with fetters bound,
 In Dayton court, of theft was guilty found.
 In yonder walls and mighty institution
 He paid a just and righteous retribution.
 His clumsy frame reflects a knavish cast—
 How strange his looks with other men contrast!
 The whole configuration of his head
 Denotes how basely born, how meanly bred;
 His snakish eyes a cursed rogue betrays—
 How odd his gait, how sinister his ways!
 His apish nose denotes his want of pluck;
 Behold his ears,—how far behind they 're stuck!
 How coarse his hair! Now listen at his brogue—
 Lord, but I hate a thief and spurn a rogue!"

Whispers are heard, and curses here and there,
 And every tattling tongue supplies its share.
 Through every street the baleful malice flies,
 And meets the culprit with a sad surprise.
 Loud and more loud the threatening mischief grows;
 First taunts, then threats, and ends in cruel blows.*
 By threats and blows at length compelled to yield,
 He drags his battered carcass from the field.
 What with his wants, and what with broken heart,
 And sorrowing breast, reluctant to depart;
 With wounded pride to distant lands he roves,
 Still glancing backward to his native groves—
 A poor, lone wanderer through a trackless wild,
 His home a ruin and his name defiled;
 His goods by lawless creditors distrained,
 His sisters tarnished and his mother pained:
 Marked with a brand that naught but death can fade,
 His children shunned and worse than orphans made.
 The doting wife that nestled by his side
 Ignores his name and scorns to be his bride.
 To him the world is but one dark abyss,
 No peace, no joy, and no domestic bliss.
 Surging within his breast are waves that naught can calm;
 For him the opening buds give forth no balm.
 Chill seem the dews, and cold the summer showers,
 Not bright the sun nor sweet the morning flowers.
 In vain for him the rose and lily bloom;
 He finds redress alone within the tomb;
 Death, only death, can soothe his aching breast
 And waft his spirit to a land of rest.

*Should the critical and not very well informed reader think this picture caricatured and overdrawn, by referring to the records of the Tuscarawas County Court of January, 1874, he will find there was a discharged convict, in or near the village of Rogersville of said county, brutally murdered without cause or provocation, and the offenders (four or five in number) arrested, put through a formal examination, and exonerated from all blame, on the very substantial plea that "the murdered man had served three terms in the penitentiary." Our good philanthropists call this an isolated case. Let them cherish the idea if it saves them the expense of a blush. Had I space and leisure at command, I could mention a score of well-authenticated cases in which discharged convicts were assaulted by a furious mob and compelled to leave the town, although their conduct was unexceptionable. All this in a land of Bibles and boasted civilization, where statesmen are exulting over their benign institutions, and parading their sympathies for the prisoner; and preachers shouting, "Glory, hallelujah!" with tears of gladness, that the millennium is about to dawn, and the long-predicted period at hand when "the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the lion eat straw like the ox."

LXIX.

SYMPATHY.

BY JULIUS RING, O. P., No. 14646.

MEN who, for sins committed, in prison penance do,
Convicts though they are, still their hearts are large and true.
See how quick the appeal is answered, when suffering needs their
aid,
How quick to show their sympathy, when once a call is made.

Even they, tho' rough and sinful, still show they have a soul;
Tho' suffering and hardened, you may see the teardrops roll.
Perhaps some thought of mother and of happy bygone days,
Like a golden, fitful shadow, across their memory plays.

They have known the anguish of a heart that 's crushed and
bruised;
They have felt repentance, while over sins they mused.
Perhaps you think they 're hardened to whisperings so mild,
But remember that, not long ago, they, too, were called "My child."

What matter if they formerly took part in sin and strife?
It needs only a little faith to gain eternal life.
What matter if they formerly took part in sin and strike?
They know that for repenting His love they will receive.

Now tell it to the outside world, for they must also know
That some of us are trying for a new harvest to sow.
Oh, let the crop be golden, blessed with God's holy love,
And when we leave this earthly home go to that one above.

Columbus, Ohio.

LXX.

REMARKABLE CASES.

An Escaped Man Is Returned to Prison after Twenty-three Years.

In May, 1856, Richard Cassibone was convicted of killing a man named Bill Hyde, of Muskingum County, and sentenced to six years in the penitentiary. He, with five others, broke jail, and, escaping to the hills of Vinton County, he settled down under the assumed name of Isaac Brown. When the war broke out, he enlisted in the Eighteenth O. V. I., under the above name, and, during his three years' service, saw many hard fights. His health was ruined in the war, and he is now a pensioner, getting about twenty-four dollars per month. At the close of the war, he returned to Ohio and settled near Chillicothe, where he was regarded as a quiet and unobtrusive citizen until his identity was made known. He was brought to the penitentiary, put in stripes, and initiated into prison life. He was so weak and feeble that he could scarcely hold up his head. He gave a detailed account of the circumstances which led to his killing Hyde, his after life, and his present unhappy condition. He stated that the crime and conviction had haunted him for a few years, but of late he had felt secure, and it appeared more as a dream of the past. He had a wife and children living.

Robert Donley, number 11507, voluntarily returned after an absence of two years. Having served three years before his escape, he had about one year yet to serve. On his return, he said: "I come, voluntarily, to serve the

remainder of my time, and go out a free man. I came in the night, so as to prevent any one recognizing me, and claiming the reward, that I might save it for the State. I did not feel free outside."

LXXI.

MELODY OF TEARS.

(From a prisoner's standpoint.)

When the silent, restful darkness,
At the close of each sad day,
To the convict's prison labor
Brings a brief but welcome stay,
Back his troubled memory wanders
To the scenes of other years—
To the home of happy childhood,
With its many hopes and fears.

Then again upon the threshold
Of our earthly lives we stand,
And discern the future glowing
Like the Hebrew's promised land,
With the hopes of coming manhood
Putting forth their fragile leaf,
Like the fairest blooms of summer,
And, alas! like them as brief!

With a shudder we remember
All that then we meant to be—
On life's battle-field a hero,
Always crowned with victory;
But, discredited and beaten,
We were quickly forced to yield,
With the battle not yet over,
Wounded, bleeding on the field!

On our brow no crown of laurel,
We can claim no honors won;
Not for us the song of triumph,
When the long, sad day is done.
Other hands have reaped the harvest
That we hoped some time to reap;
Other feet have gained the summit
Of the hill we found too steep!

Others gather sweetest flowers,
Blooming all along their way;

We have but the thorns to pierce us,
 On our journey, day by day;
 Others sing the song of gladness,
 All life's peaceful, happy years;
 While we chant the dirge of sadness—
 Chorded melody of tears!

Tho' at times the kindly sunshine
 Briefly dazzles, 't will not last;
 Prison gloom can never brighten,
 With all hope of freedom past.
 Heeded not the orphan's pleading,
 Mother's tears cannot atone,
 Wives come vainly interceding;
 Human hearts seem turned to stone!

Soon Heaven's high court will open—
 Who will cry for mercy then?
 Earthly rulers—judge and jury,
 They who crushed their fellow-men!
 Mercy? Nay! Like Dives they 'll cower
 At the Judge's just decree:
 "No mercy hast thou shown in power,
 No mercy canst thou claim from me!"*

Oft we feel the depth of sorrow,
 Looking back upon each scene,
 While remorse, in cruel whisper,
 Tells of all that might have been.
 For a moment then true manhood
 Tries to put the sorrow by;
 Strives to crush the bitter anguish
 And repel the rising sigh!

Till some holy resolution
 Makes us hope the past forgiven;
 Ended earthly retribution,
 Prayerful eyes upturned to heaven.
 Then once more we set our faces
 Sternly toward the battle front;
 Brace anew each nerve and muscle
 For the daily prison brunt.

Hopeless! with success or failure
 We have nothing now to do;
 Doomed to bear life's cruel burden
 All the bitter journey through.

—*A Convict.*

*"For he shall have judgment without mercy,
 that hath showed no mercy" (James 2:13).

LXXII.

Written 1878-80.

HERE is a contribution in rhyme added to the circulating original literature of the Ohio Penitentiary by a convict evidently displeased with his fare:

CHEESE.

I 'm sitting in my prison cell;
It is to me an earthly hell.
I cannot help but cough and sneeze,
'Cause I 've been eating rotten cheese.

We get that cheese just once a week;
It 's almost strong enough to creep,
Like chloroform, it turns your head,
And strong enough to raise the dead.

That lively cheese I 'll ne'er forget,
About it I will ever fret.
Sad thoughts will rise whene'er I sneeze,
Which calls to mind that rotten cheese.

LXXIII.

AN ACROSTIC.

(To D. R. Miller.)

BY STUART C. ROSS, O. P.

DEAL bountifully with thy servant, that I may live, and keep thy word.

Remove from me reproach and contempt, for I have kept thy testimonies.

Make me to understand the way of thy precepts; so shall I talk of thy wondrous works.

I have chosen the way of truth; thy judgments have I laid before me.

Let thy mercies come also unto me, O Lord, even thy salvation, according to thy word.

Let those that fear thee turn unto me, and those that have known thy testimonies.

Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it; except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain.

Rivers of waters run down mine eyes, because they keep not thy law.

Columbus, Ohio, January 19, 1881.

Taken from the Psalms of David.

LXXIV.

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

WHEN this was written one of the methods of punishment was in the application of electricity. The punishment was severe, and of questionable propriety. By an order of Noah Thomas, warden, a noble-hearted man, it was discontinued. The men gave it the name, "Humming-Bird."

This "hummer" is a little bird, the worst you 've ever seen,
And if you don't believe it, make a call on Mr. Dean;
Now when you go to see this "bird," they strip you to the skin,
And down into the little tub they gently drop you in.

Your hands are cuffed behind your back, your eyes are bandaged
tight,
And when the bird begins to hum, you yell with all your might;
When your courage is almost failing and your heart begins to flop,
Then by a sign from some one "sailing," this bird will always stop.

This little bird will not let you go for money or for love,
But will pounce right down upon you like lightning from above.
And when this bird begins to hum, it will almost make you say,
"Please 'let up,' good little bird, make your haste and fly away."

You have heard of the American eagle with its loud, terrific
screams;
But this little "bird" is the king of all, this little bird of Dean's.

LXXV.

EXCITING SCENE IN PRISON CHAPEL, OHIO PENITENTIARY, May 13, 1881.

Attempt to Assassinate Deputy Warden Dean—A Note Dropped on the Bible—Religious Services Disturbed—Would-be Assassin Taken.

AUGUSTUS CANTON, a Cincinnati convict with a vicious prison record, conceived a deadly desire for revenge upon Deputy Warden Dean, and assaulted him in the dining-room, and would have killed him but for the deputy's quick movements. Canton's enmity seems to have been caused by his frequent punishment and loss of time for infractions of the rules.

During the former administration, Canton was set back seventeen times for bad conduct, and lost eighty-one days under that administration. He had been set back only once under the present administration; that was for the assault on Mr. Dean. The directors took from him one hundred and thirty days, all he had gained. Had his record been good, he would be out now.

At the chapel exercises, the platform was occupied by Warden Thomas, Deputy Dean, and Assistant Deputy Parsons, together with visitors, including several members of the Legislature. The visitors were seated behind the chaplain's desk.

During the opening prayer Canton motioned to the guard that he wanted to go out. The guard would not take him out then, but he was so persistent in his calls that as soon as the prayer was concluded the guard complied. He passed out the door on one side of the chapel very

quietly and then made a dash. Running around one side of the building, he rushed into the chapel and right up on the platform, as the chaplain was about to begin his discourse. Canton dropped a piece of brown paper on the open Bible before the chaplain, exclaiming, "There is my apology for what I 'm going to do." Then he turned around, pointed to the warden, and said, "They want to murder me for the sake of this man." He was apparently on the point of making a dash at the warden, when the latter grabbed him with his only hand. The one-armed visitors' conductor also seized hold of him, and together they held the desperate fellow until four or five guards came up and marched him off to close confinement.

The whole affair occurred in a minute of time, almost, but it was sufficient to create intense excitement and confusion, which was soon allayed, after Canton had been safely removed, by the uplifted hand of the chaplain.

After the murderous fellow was taken out of the chapel, he was searched, and a pair of sharp-pointed shears about a foot in length found on his person. It is evident that he intended to kill somebody.

The note dropped on the Bible was as follows:

Rev. Mr. Miller.

SIR: Appreciating your interest for the welfare and good of the prisoners, and for me personally, I deem it my duty to state that a circumstance may occur to cause you annoyance. To show you my respect and that I regretted to do so, I make this statement. Necessity prevents me, or I would act otherwise. Hoping you will not judge me harshly, respectfully,

GUS CANTON.

LXXVI.

TURN YOUR GLASSES DOWN.

HERE is a poem the origin of which I am unable to give. I had it, however, on file with prison clippings, and suppose it comes through that source. I give it because of its good suggestions:

TURN YOUR GLASSES DOWN.

Turn your glasses down, boys,
Turn your glasses down,
When with sparkling liquors
Men the banquet crown,
Though the smile once friendly
Changes to a frown,
Turn your glasses down, boys,
Turn your glasses down!

Lest the tempter win you,
In an evil hour,
Lest he overcome you
By his subtle power,
Lest a draught seductive
Resolution drown,
Turn your glasses down, boys,
Turn your glasses down!

Joyful be the laughter,
Pure the words that fall
From the lips of comrades
In the festive hall!
That no crime nor folly
May the banquet crown,
Turn your glasses down, boys,
Turn your glasses down!

If among the noble
Place you 'd surely win,
If you would not wander
Into paths of sin,

If you value virtue,
Honor and renown,
Turn your glasses down, boys,
Turn your glasses down !

While your eyes are beaming
With the light of youth,
While your heart is earnest
Seeking for the truth,
While your cheeks are ruddy,
And your locks are brown,
Turn your glasses down, boys,
Turn your glasses down !

Prove yourself heroic ;
Dare to take your stand
With the self-devoted,
To redeem the land ;
On the proffered tippie
Ne'er forget to frown ;
Turn your glasses down, boys,
Turn your glasses down !

LXXVII.

POETICAL CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN A CONVICT AND THE
PRISON CLERK, OR BOOKKEEPER, AT OHIO
PENITENTIARY.

THE law of the State provides that for good conduct prisoners shall receive credit on their time of service, and thereby be released in advance of the date to which they must otherwise serve. This credit, however, may be forfeited by subsequent violations of rules, at the discretion of the board of directors. Each month on the Sabbath following the monthly meeting of the board of directors the clerk reads the corrected list of all entitled to freedom during the succeeding month. In this case the prisoner's accounting of his time and that of the bookkeeper's, who makes up his account from the reports of the deputy warden, were in disagreement, therefore the controversy.

A POETIC MESSAGE.

To Mr. Reeves, Clerk.

DEAR SIR :

The undersigned, with pen in hand,
And plenty of words at his command,
Suspends his toil and quits his work,
To write a message to the clerk.
And, much preferring rhyme to prose,
In verse I shall my wants disclose;
In scrawls, but easy quite to trace,
I'll file a statement of my case.

To speak quite plain, I think that I
Have been neglected and passed by.
While you your last two lists have read,
I hearkened and listen'd with all heed;
But hearkened and listened all in vain,
For neither did my name contain.

By some mishap my name you 've missed,
Forsooth, 't was not upon the list.
My number 's ten thousand and fifty-nine;
Behold the digits and the sign 10059;
In this there no mistake can be,
And further down my name you 'll see.

'T was seventy-four, that fatal year,
As by your records will appear,
And in September, the 28th day,
When in these walls I chanced to stray.
I 'm mighty anxious, long have been,
To find the hole where I got in;
I 've been detained nigh seven years,
Which three times seven most appears.
My sentence eight years was at best;
The judge who gave it 's now at rest—
Laid down his arms and quit his post,
And gone to join the heavenly host,
Or else the host of hell below,
The place that he 'd most likely go.

Some seventy days or more I lost,
By being too severely bossed,
When G. S. Innis and Warden Grove
Their nets for catching suckers wove;
When we like brutes were made to bow,
And rules more stringent were than now;
And all a haggard visage wore,
And men were punished by the score.

The time I 've forfeited and lost
I now have served, and paid the cost,
Including all. It 's plain as day,
My time should have expired in May.
The moons of May waxed full, and waned,
And yet I found myself detained;
June past the apex now has flew,
Still I my wonted way pursue.
In ignominious stripes arrayed,
When I atonement full have made.
Pray tell me, sir, how this can be,
That we in figures don't agree.

Soon as these pithy lines you 've scanned,
Your prison docket then expand,
And when my record there you spy.
Compute the same, and please reply.

A message send that will contain
 The whys and wherefores—make it plain;
 State in explicit terms, and clear,
 When I my barque may homeward steer;
 And view once more the vine-clad hills,
 The fertile fields and purling rills!
 Revive emotions felt of yore,
 Old friends renew, cold hearts restore,
 That once my raptured boyhood knew,
 When days were bright and friends not few.

Your obedient servant,

Ohio Penitentiary.

HENRY COLE, 10059.

THE CLERK'S REPLY.

Mr. Henry Cole, 10059, O. P.

SIR:

This morning I received your rhyme,
 Relative to your short time;
 And, after having read it through,
 Not having very much to do,
 I hied me to the records quick,
 And sharpened up my leaden stick;
 And at once began to rack my brain
 How I could explain and make things plain.
 I turned to the ninety-seventh page
 Of the record that is sere with age,
 And found among that sad enroll
 The name and crime of Henry Cole;
 And that you came here, as you remember,
 On the twenty-eighth day of September,
 And for eight years from that day
 It was the edict that you must stay;
 And, your full sentence all to make,
 Till eighteen hundred eighty-two will take,
 Until September, twenty-fifth day,
 Unless you sooner get away.
 Now, by the Legislature's wise decree,
 A man may shorten his time and thus be free.
 He who can from infractions of rules refrain
 Will be rewarded by a monthly gain,
 And thus view once more the vine-clad hills,
 The fertile fields, the purling rills,
 And sooner meet his old-time friends,
 And for his failings make amends,
 And join in pleasures as of yore,
 To "go thy way and sin no more."

But he who by "bosses" will not be bossed
 Finds to his sorrow his good time lost.
 This seems to be the case with you,
 For, as the record now I view,
 Like a battle hero, full of scars,
 Their frequency the whole page mars;
 And, more or less, through all the years
 Full many a scratch 'gainst you appears.
 You seem to have been in the fix
 Of those who "kick against the pricks."
 But, to help you out of your vexation,
 I 'll now begin my explanation.
 Under the old rules which you deplore
 You could gain five hundred days—no more.
 But recent time, being more humane,
 Would have given you much larger gain;
 And had you all your good time gained,
 You would not now here have remained.
 But as it is, it is too late;
 Your gain is but four thirty-eight,
 And while your lot I do deplore,
 I cannot make it any more.
 So in this prison you must lie
 Until the thirteenth of July.
 I should be glad if this were all;
 I cannot cease, though it you appal,
 For, from the time by conduct won,
 Must be deducted one forty-one,
 The number of days that you have lost
 Because you would not be bossed,
 Will fix the day that you are free,
 November the nineteenth. Ah, me!
 I 'd make this better if I could,
 But can no better if I would;
 But, to help you out, this much I 'll do,
 I 'll give some good advice to you:
 When the board next do meet,
 You hie to them, and there intreat,
 As you intend to sin no more,
 That they your lost time restore.
 Plead as only man can plead
 Whose boon is liberty. You 'll succeed.
 I close by hoping that in July
 I can bid you a long good-by.

Sympathetically yours,

S. L. REEVES, *Clerk O. P.*

LXXVIII.

GLEANINGS FROM THE BIBLE.

JESUS CHRIST he is the chief corner-stone;
Faith built on other foundations will surely fall;
Let us look to that light which so resplendently shone
And caused the conversion of blessed Saint Paul.

Sinners are the same now as they have been of old;
They still continue to sin, revile, and blaspheme;
Offenses will come, as our Savior foretold,
But woe unto them who dishonor his name.

Their eyes they are blind and they cannot see,
Nor will they acknowledge or worship their God;
They are like the Scribes and the proud Pharisee,
Nor will they humble themselves under his rod.

Let us trim our lamps while there is light;
The lamps of our lives, the good 'spirit within,
With the oil of salvation, prayers day and night,
It will shield from temptation and keep us from sin.

In the eighteenth chapter of Ezekiel you will find
The most gracious promise by Him who cannot lie;
In his almighty mercy he wishes to save all mankind;
There he says, "Repent ye, repent ye, why will you die?"
—A Prisoner.

LXXIX.

AN INTERVIEW BETWEEN CHAPLAIN AND PRISONER.

At a Prayer-Meeting—God's Love to Man, Evidences of—A Last Sabbath in Prison—On a Desert—A Dream of Mother.

ONE Sabbath morning, the theme in the prisoners' prayer-meeting in the penitentiary chapel was "God's love to man, evidences of." Quite a number had spoken, when George Wilson, a prisoner for two years, a man over fifty years of age, arose and eloquently addressed the men on the theme, but spoke especially of the evidences of the existence and love of God as seen in nature. He urged upon his fellow-prisoners the importance of loving and serving God, and said, "I go out from you this week, and cannot consent to go without speaking to you at this time on this subject." His address was listened to with marked attention, and had a good effect upon all present.

In the afternoon of that day, I visited him in his cell, and had an interesting interview with him, the principal part of which was as follows:

Chaplain: "Mr. Wilson, your speech this morning impressed me with the conviction that you have seen better days and been educated for a higher sphere and more honorable calling than that of a criminal."

Wilson: "Yes, sir; I was reared in a Christian home by devout parents, members of the Presbyterian Church, and educated at Iron City, in Penn Avenue School. My father died in 1862."

Chaplain: "Were you ever married?"

Wilson: "Yes, sir, and now have a son occupying a good business position in Pennsylvania. My wife died in 1869."

I am sorry to say that, through no fault of hers, we parted, some years before she died. It was all my fault."

Chaplain: "What kind of a life have you led in the past?"

Wilson: "Principally a roving life. I have traveled over the entire western portion of the United States, and much in other portions of the country."

Chaplain: "Were you ever a professing Christian and member of the church?"

Wilson: "No, sir, never; but I could never get away from the conviction that I should be such, and, further, I have, since my youth, been impressed that God intended me to be a teacher of morals and religion. This conviction I cannot shake off; for the past eighteen years it has come to me with greater force than previously."

Chaplain: "Do you think that your inclination to roam and your misfortune is the result of your neglect of what you believed to be duty, and that God suffered you to be thus overtaken because of your disobedience?"

Wilson: "I do; and that it was only for my good and to correct me."

Chaplain: "When you go out from here is it your purpose to obey what you regard as the voice of your God, as opportunities may open?"

Wilson: "It is, the Lord being my helper. And, more, I expect to try to push open the doors of opportunities and pray for divine aid."

Chaplain: "Have you, while in prison, experienced any demoralizing effects of prison life?"

Wilson: "I have not."

Chaplain: "In your remarks, this morning, you expressed a firm belief in a supreme overruling Providence, and that this supreme Governor is so minute in his supervision of created objects that he takes particular notice of each individual creature. Have you had any particular

reasons for such belief and satisfactory evidences of such providential supervision in your own personal experience?"

Wilson: "Yes, in numerous cases. One I will give you: Some years ago, I, with three others, found myself on the desert of H——, thirty miles from the Rio Grande River, without water, in a perishing condition. In a somewhat bewildered state from thirst, we wandered about, in hopes of reaching the river. After journeying thirty-six hours without water, fatigued and despairing, we stopped and lay down on the sand; not knowing where we were. I slept and dreamed. In my dreams, I saw my mother, who looked me in the face tenderly and said, 'George, remember there is a God.' I awoke. It was day dawn. In sight, within a few rods, was that grand scene of God's handiwork, the Rio Grande River. If we had journeyed on, doubtless we would have wandered away from the river and perished. I regarded this at the time, and still regard it as an interposition of Providence in answer to the prayers of my mother."

LXXX.

THE TWO TEMPLES.

By St. Clair, a Man Who Had Served Several Terms in Prison—
A Man Unbalanced Beyond Control at Sight of Horses.

SOLOMON'S.

Have you read the ancient story
Of Solomon's temple fair?
How it rose to fame and glory,
With no sound of hammer there?
Far off from the distant building
Each beautiful piece was wrought;
All the stone and wood and gilding,
And then to the temple brought.
From the dawn of early morning,
In silence the work went on,
Till the twilight's lengthened warning
Revealed that the day was gone.
Slowly, but grandly the temple grew
Into its beautiful whole;
While not a sacred precinct knew
The sound of a workman's tool.

GOD'S.

Now, in a land of peace untold,
A temple's bright walls appear—
More grand than Solomon's of old,
And a thousand times more dear.
Its chambers all of polished stone,
And of beaten gold the ways;
From marble hall to highest dome,
We may see the jewels' rays!
Somewhere in this cruel world below,
In the midst of its ceaseless din,
Obscured by wickedness and woe,
By suffering and by sin,
Beautiful stones are now prepared,
With the patient worker's skill;
To perfect them no pain is spared

For the niche they have to fill.
Far out on wilds of heathen lands,
Each day is the timber laid
By those who toil with patient hands,
And faith that is undismayed.
There in hospital's sunny ward
The couch of pain upon,
Where labor and skill again are stored,
The silent work goes on.
Beautiful gems are brought to view,
And pearls that are chaste and fair,
By keenest pain that the workers knew
In their days and nights of care.
Somewhere—'t may be in dungeon dark,
Weighed down by a prison chain,
Some trembling hand cuts out a spark
From the hard, rough rock of pain,
And polishes it for the temple fair,
By faith, from the depths of sin,
So bright 't will make the angels stare,
While the Savior fits it in. ▲
Somewhere in country's stillest life,
Where nature's bright leaves unfold,
And life seems free from care and strife,
Is worked all the silk and gold,
Thus ever and alway. day by day,
The unending work goes on,
While the Master moves the blocks away.

* * * * * *

LXXXI.

EDUCATIONAL FACILITIES IN PRISONS.

THE education of criminals while incarcerated is one of the best methods for reforming and helping them. While crime does not always follow ignorance, the illiterate class predominate in prison. Touching this subject, the superintendent of the school in the Ohio Penitentiary recently said:

"Hundreds of men come as prisoners to the penitentiary who know absolutely nothing, even of the primary rudiments of the knowledge of books; and in many cases that have come under the writer's observation, men have been sent here having committed crimes simply because of their ignorance, and if the Ohio Penitentiary is to be a place of reformation as well as a place of punishment, what better method could be conceived than that of the night school? You would think that a man sent here for life would care nothing for an education. Oh, here is where you are mistaken. When the poor, ignorant prisoner finds himself shut in his narrow cell, with no one to talk to, it is no wonder that he sometimes makes a doll baby and amuses himself in talking to it. I have noticed some of this class of prisoners while at the writing-table in school, working until their clothing was wet with perspiration, as intent upon learning how to write as if their lives depended upon it. And they always come out victorious. I have never known a failure yet. The most wonderful fact, though, is, how fast these men learn. I know of one man who learned to make all the letters of the alphabet, both large and small, in two evenings of one hour each. Reading is learned by

some, beginning with the alphabet, in two weeks—that is, in the First Reader.”

Some say the criminal classes, as a rule, will not take education. I know to the contrary. The last year of my official connection with the Ohio Penitentiary, though we, at that time, had no provisions for schools as now, and notwithstanding other pressing duties, I gave particular attention to those illiterate, and some were indeed extremely so. The results of my efforts, privately and in the Sunday school, were, that fifty learned their letters and became respectable readers, and nearly as many learned to write a respectable hand.

Necessarily, in my effort to teach and their effort to learn, a number of amusing things occurred. One colored man, Henry Martin, after learning his letters, became so very anxious to spell and read that he came to me almost daily for a while with his questions and requests, first, as to putting together letters for spelling; second, the formation of words and how to read them. Within two months this man learned to read quite well. I give a few examples of his simplicity, earnestness, and manifest purpose to overcome the difficulties which confronted him. At one time, while trying to spell, and seeking to learn the meaning of simple words, he came to me, saying, “Chaplain, I have learned to spell eggs.” I requested him to do so, which he did correctly. He then began to ply his questions; namely, “Are all eggs spelled alike? Then how may I determine between bird eggs, goose eggs, hen eggs? If you were sending the library man out for a goose egg, would you write egg and then put the picture of a goose above it?” At another time he came into the library and asked me for the “axle-tree of understanding.” I asked, “What do you mean?” After some hesitancy and blundering of words, he said, “I want a little book with leaves which will flop in my face, make its pictures on my mind to stay.” I handed

him a primer, and he said, "That 's it; that is what I want." Because of his manifest interest in books, the officers, generally, gave him all possible encouragement and aid, and he soon became quite a good reader. He frequently memorized passages of Scripture and recited them in the Sunday morning prayer-meeting. One of his favorite books was "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which he read through several times; another, Stanley's "Travels in Africa."

One man learned his letters by cutting them out and pasting them on a cigar-box and keeping them before him in his shop while at work. He became a good reader within one year.

Many, within brief periods, made rapid progress in the common-school branches, and quite a number became very proficient in the higher branches, and some in regular college studies.

The schools of our prisons should receive the hearty support and sympathy of our State authorities.

LXXXII.

THE OLD CHURCH BELL.

A Prisoner Thinks of Home, of Early Associations and Influences.

Do you love to hear the ringing,
And to hear the people singing,
Which the peals to church are bringing,
Of the old church bell?

Do you love to see the faces
Of the pretty female graces,
As they fill up all the spaces
In the old church, well?

Do you love to hear the preacher
Explain the Bible feature
To every living creature,
And to hear of heaven and hell?

Do you love to hear the praying,
And believe what they are saying?
And are your thoughts a-straying
Where righteous thoughts should dwell?

You do not love to hear the tolling,
And to see the dirt go rolling,
While the preacher stands consoling,
O'er a dead one loved so well?

Yet the warn of death is rolling,
And the bell will keep a-tolling,
As the carriages go strolling,
At the sound of your death knell.

Think not, friend, you will evade it,
A decree of God has made it,
And the past events portrayed it,
By the tolling of the bell.

LXXXIII.

RELIGIOUS INFLUENCES AND RELIGIOUS IMPULSES.

Religious Work in Prison—Good Results Manifest—Employment of Chaplains—Work of Chaplains—Response from Prisoners—Illustrations—Prisoners' Prayer-Meetings—Work in Hospitals.

UNDER Christian civilization has been combined the idea of penance and reformation in the penal institutions. It is now by very many believed that criminals, while suffering the penalty of violated law, may be so taught, so impressed, so influenced, so disciplined, that when returned to society their inclinations may be to virtue, and they be so fortified with good resolutions, so enamored of truth, so influenced with motives to piety as to successfully resist the evils which before lured them into the paths of crime and shame. This, indeed, should be the central idea in the management of such institutions. This must not, however, be thought the work of a moment. Nor should we become discouraged if all, or even the majority committed, are not reformed.

Time, patience, sweetness of spirit and Christian zeal, together with the softening dews of God's grace, are all important in effecting such reformation, even to the smallest degree.

I know, because there are those who go out from these institutions only to violate law, and return under a second or third conviction, that many are disposed to scoff at the effort to reform men in prison.

I would therefore record, for the information of such, that many instances may be given of those who have gone out and quietly settled down to habits of industry and

frugality, and become respected and honored members of society, and not a few advanced to positions of honor and trust, who thank God that they were overtaken in their sins, turned into a prison, and there taught the way of life. Of course, they do not advertise themselves to the public as having served a term in some State prison, nor would it be prudent for them to do so; but some know who they are, where they are, and how nobly they are succeeding in life.

As a most helpful agency in the work of prison reform, most of the States now make provisions for, and give encouragement to moral and religious work in our State prisons by the employment of chaplains, whose duty it is to provide religious service for the Sabbath and to attend to the needs of the prisoners in this direction. The chaplain must also often see the sick in the hospital and oversee the library. He is generally recognized as a friend, and taken into the confidence of inmates and consulted pertaining to their personal interests. The chaplain will often receive notes criticising or commending his sermon, theme, delivery, and manner. Sometimes these are corrections of dates or events or quotations, sometimes they are enlargements upon his line of thought. Sometimes there are special requests for sermons on particular subjects, and often requests for prayers.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

One Monday, after the completion of a series of discourses, on the previous Sabbath, in which the lives and characters of Abraham, Joseph, Moses, Isaiah, and David were discussed, I received from an intelligent prisoner the following note:

“CHAPLAIN: We have now heard with interest and profit from you about Abraham, Joseph, Moses, Isaiah, and David. Now tell us, What about old Paul? Yours,
“_____.”

The following Sabbath, at the regular chapel service, I read this note, and announced for my theme, "What about old Paul?" and stated that I wished to refer this question to every one present; that I would have every man study for himself this most wonderful character to its finish; but that, to aid them, I would enter into the study with them, and that for this day's study we would consider Paul up to the time of the change of his name from "Saul."

The following Sabbath, I renewed the question, "What about old Paul?" I spoke of Paul's missionary career and his oppositions.

The next Sabbath, I again announced for my theme, "What about old Paul?" In this service, I gave them Paul's prison record. There was in each of these discourses a manifest general interest, but when giving them Paul's prison record, and speaking of Paul's tedious and unjust incarcerations, of his forced companionship with soldiers, to whom he was bound with chains, of his friends forsaking him, and of his final trial and execution, they all seemed to warm up with unusual interest and sympathy. After this service, and on their return to their cells, along the lines from cell to cell, and from corridor to corridor, could be heard the inquiry passing from one to another, "What do you think of old Paul now?" while the answer echoed, generally, "I think more of him than of ———," who generally executed prison discipline.

Soon after these discourses on Paul, I received from a man serving a life sentence for the brutal killing of his wife, the following communication:

"CHAPLAIN: You have, in response to the requests of prisoners, been giving us sermons of late on fitting subjects and interesting topics and characters. I have never yet heard you preach a sermon directly to the ninety-six life men here. For the good of these men, and especially for

my good, I request that you preach one sermon to us, and that you preach it from the text found in Romans 3: 15-18, 'Their feet are swift to shed blood: destruction and misery are in their ways; and the way of peace have they not known: there is no fear of God before their eyes.' Do not hesitate to preach it in full, without fear of offense.

"CURTIS."

To this request I responded without reserve, and dealt out to this class some very plain statements touching upon the exceeding sinfulness of sin and the unlimited strides into crime to which the man is liable who goes away from his God and shuts his heart against all fear of his Maker. Before delivering this sermon, I read the man's note, which assisted in securing the attention of all present. The sermon manifestly took fast hold of many in that great audience, the fruit of which I hope I shall see on the final reckoning day.

One kind of religious service conducted in many prisons, "the prisoners' prayer-meeting," is especially appreciated by a large portion of the prisoners. The exercises are all voluntary, and are participated in by a large number of prisoners; old, familiar hymns are sung, and passages of Scripture repeated. In this service, sometimes, the scene becomes pathetic, as some hymn, familiar in other days, swells upon the air from the choir or some invited guest, or as memories of home and loved ones are recalled by some man who speaks of mother or wife, and tears are seen to trickle down the cheeks of many who cannot forget the loves and prayers of other days.,

IN THE HOSPITALS.

Here the chaplain sometimes finds himself bewildered in the midst of appeals and expressions. Here he must speak the last words of consolation to the dying and receive their

final messages to their friends. Here may be heard agonizing expressions of anguish because of friends betrayed, lives spent in sin, God's offers of mercy and pardon rejected, hopes vanished. Here, also, may be heard the penitent's cry and the final exclamations of redemptive joy.

I sat once in the prison hospital between two men. Both were dying, slowly dying. One said: "Last night, at about half-past six o'clock, God, for Christ's sake, pardoned all my sins. I now have an inexpressable peace. Now I realize that I am, by faith, safe on the rock Christ Jesus. Good-by."

The other, in response to my inquiry, said: "Yes, I think I am dying. I have no words to send to relatives, and have no friends. There are no persons whom I call friends. I have no feelings of friendship or love for any one. I thank you for your seeming interest in me, but for no one, not even God, have I any love. Why should I love him? He has never cared for me." Then with curses on his lips, both for God and men, he groaned and expired.

Here, however, are some of the grandest opportunities for direct religious work with immediate results I have ever witnessed. In my personal intercourse with men while they were grappling with death, I have had some peculiar experiences and strange revelations. The reformation, uplifting, and final salvation of the incarcerated criminal depend, to a very large extent, upon the piety and natural fitness of those who are placed over them as religious teachers. Somebody has fittingly said, "There is a contagion of good as well as evil."

LXXXIV.

KEPT IN PERFECT PEACE.

By R. A., a Prisoner in Ohio Penitentiary, after Listening to a Sermon from Chaplain De Bruin, on the Text, "Thou Wilt Keep Him in Perfect Peace, Whose Mind Is Stayed on Thee: Because He Trusteth in Thee" (Isaiah 26:3).

IN the prison prayer-meeting the Sabbath morning following after the sermon, R. A. gave substantially the following statement about himself: "I served a one-year term in the prison at Joliet. When I came out, I resolved to lead a straightforward, upright Christian life. I found employment in Chicago, attended one of the first churches in that city, and, after a while, was invited to unite with the church, which I cheerfully did. Everything went on nicely, until one day I was recognized as an ex-convict by a stranger, who told some of the church of that fact. The result was, I was asked to withdraw from their fellowship. It so disheartened me that I resolved to drown myself by drink, and again commenced a life of crime, which resulted in landing me in the Ohio Penitentiary for a number of years. I did not change my last resolve until I heard this sermon preached last Sunday by Chaplain DeBruin, on the text in Isaiah 26:3. I went to my cell and lay down upon my bed all broken up. I thought over all my past life, and believed God would again forgive me. I no sooner thought than I got down on my knees, and before I asked a word immediately felt forgiven. I arose and wrote these words:

KEPT IN PERFECT PEACE.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace,
Whose mind is stayed on thee,"
Because we trust in the Lord our God,
Our strength and our shield is he;
Strong city of God's salvation,
Let the nations enter in,
Who have learned to trust in the mighty arm
Of Jehovah, our Lord and King.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace,
Whose mind is stayed on thee,"
The harp of the prophet of Israel sang
With the heaven-sent melody;
And the harp-notes down through the centuries ring,
From the east to the west they fall,
For I hear their echoes from Zion's hill
To-day in these prison walls.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace."
Was "peace" in that life of mine,
Driven by the waves of passion,
And fury of maddening wine,
Down to infamous depths in the darkness,
Where men by fiends are torn,
And I rose up a broken and shapeless thing,
That even the fiends might scorn?

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace."
Will "peace like a dove" descend
On him who would buy it with gems and gold,
That he steals from his fellow-men?
I have taken the devil's wages,
I know what his gold can buy,
And the curse in his money has marred my life
With a stain till the day I die.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace."
Is there rest for the weary feet
Of the fugitive flying from outraged laws,
And the doom of the judgment-seat?
Pardon and peace for the guilty,—
Peace for the tortured mind?
Then priceless that over all the gold
That ever was gained by crime.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace."
Thus spake God's priest to-day,

And I heard in words like a burning flame
Tell how all who their Lord obey
Might win that peace; and my heart was fired,
As the song of deliverance swelled,
And I turned, and worshiped, and praised the Lord,
Who brings peace to a prison cell.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace,"
There 's a Voice that calms the sea,
The voice of him who died for the sins
Of the world, on Calvary;
Let him be our Lawgiver, he is our King,
He will save us, turn to him,
And the songs of the angels will ring through heaven,
Over sinners redeemed from sin.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace,
Whose mind is stayed on thee."
Sweet promise to all who trust in God;
Their strength and their shield is he;
He delivers their souls from prison,
And safely to Zion brings
All who trust in the everlasting strength
Of Jehovah, our Lord and King.

—*Reported by J. W. B., Guard.*

LXXXV.

GOOD ADVICE FROM PRISON.

Speak No Evil—A Better Way—Cure Own Defects—Curses, Sometimes, Like Chickens, Come Home.

IN speaking of a person's faults,
Pray, don't forget your own;
Remember, those in houses glass
Should never throw a stone.

If you have nothing else to do,
But talk of those who sin,
'T is better to commence at home,
And from that point begin.

We have no right to judge a man
Until he 's fairly tried,
Should we not like his company,
We know the world is wide.

Some may have faults, and who have not?
The old as well as the young;
We may, perhaps, for aught we know,
Have fifty to their one.

I 'll tell you of a better plan,
And I find it works full well,
To try my own defects to cure,
Before of others tell.

And though sometimes I hope to be
No worse than some I know,
My own shortcomings bid me let
The faults of others go.

Now let us when we commence
To slander friends or foe,
Think of the harm one word may do
To those we little know.

Remember curses, sometimes, like
Our chickens roost at home;
Don't speak of others' faults, until
We have none of our own.

—A *Convict*.

LXXXVI.

EXECUTIVE CLEMENCY.

Sought for—Conditioned.

To THE incarcerated criminal, I think no other word in the vocabulary of words has such a charm as the word "pardon," and no other person is so fascinating as he who is authorized to exercise the right of clemency. With many, to obtain pardon for the particular violation of law for which they were convicted and incarcerated is their *alpha* and *omega*. This is about all in which many of them can be interested. For this they strive with all who, in any way, may be brought into relations with them. Because of declining in several cases to give my personal influence to obtain pardons for some whom I regarded as unworthy, there are yet pending threats of vengeance upon my head.

Appeals through personal letters, personal friends, and by employed attorneys at times become annoying, perplexing, and wearisome to the executive of State. To be just and generous toward all, and partial toward none, in this regard requires, at times, a stretch of effort. In the exercise of this power, I have known several governors of the State whom I regarded as cautious and honorable, fully set to exercise this power with discretion and fairness. Of all such, however, it is due that I say that, in my opinion, the State of Ohio never conferred this right upon any man who exercised it with more discretion or greater impartiality, and reached wiser conclusions, than did Governor Charles Foster. His certificates of pardon were not so numerous as several others, but his decisions and reasons

given for so doing were generally regarded as wise and just, and accepted with satisfaction by his constituents.

As a rule, the temperance clause authorized by law, but left optional with the governor, was inserted in the certificates of pardon issued by Mr. Foster, as follows, "The condition being that he abstain hereafter from the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage," with endorsements signed by the party to whom it was issued, as follows, "In pursuance of the provisions of section eighty-nine of the Revised Statutes of Ohio, I hereby accept the condition named in the within warrant, under the penalty of a forfeiture of the pardon for a violation of the same."

One party, to my knowledge, refused to accept a certificate with this condition, saying he "would never sign away his personal liberty," and stayed within the prison. Several violated the condition, and were returned to serve out their time. Many, however, respected their obligation and the condition imposed, to both their credit and betterment.

LXXXVII.

THE DISCHARGED PRISONER.

It is more difficult to keep an ex-convict right in action than to get a convict right in purpose; therefore, the most important moment of a convict's life is when he severs his connection with the institution. If he is changed,—his character rebuilt while in confinement,—his first aim will be to find some honest work to do when his time expires. If he is trusting luck to find him something to do, luck will be lucky in but very few cases. "God helps the man who helps himself." Many cannot find employment while in confinement. The lack of friends, or their want of faith in his newly-formed resolutions, militates against him. He is handicapped by his former life, and the most helping hand in the work of his reformation comes to him when he leaves prison—it may be State aid, some private organization, or the philanthropy of an individual; no matter from what source, it is his friend in the hour of greatest peril. We require more zealous effort in this direction than has been manifested by us in the past. The lessons taught in an industrial school or a model reformatory may fail in bearing fruit, not because they were unsound or impractical, but rather because so much money and energy have been spent in fencing him in from the world, and so little done in restoring him to the world. "There is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." But what are we to expect of fortune when it is ebb tide? It is ebb in the heart of every true-souled man or boy on the day he leaves his confinement. We have seen young men with swimming eyes trying to crush back their

sobs as, with broken voice, they whispered, "My God, where can I earn an honest living?" The flippant malapert on such a day will soon be back again.—*Selected from Literature.*

LXXXVIII.

CONCLUSION.

By well-regulated reformatories and prisons, controlled by those moved by the spirit and example of the Nazarene, our criminal population can, and will be much restricted and greatly reduced. It is said that in curing the bewildered demoniac "He took him by the hand and lifted him up."

"The best love man can offer
To the God of love, be sure
Is kindness to his little ones
And bounty to his poor."

For

"Mightier far
Than strength of nerve or sinew, or the sway
Of magic portent over the sun or star,
Is love."

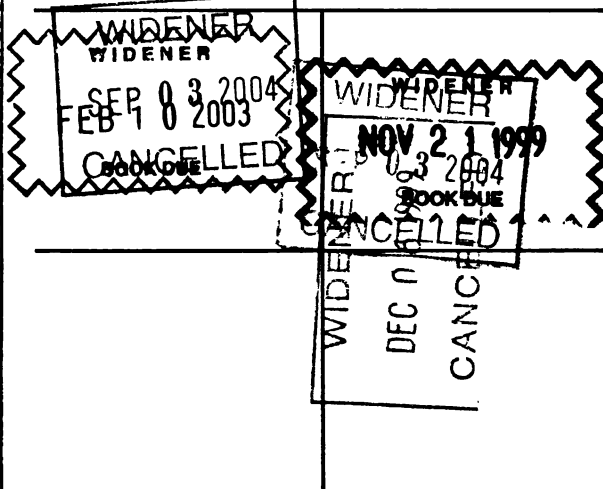




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